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Voyage to the Potomac

VICE-REGALLY, to the clamour of Fleet Street's drums and cymbals, Mr. Churchill has gone forth to parley. The Honours List records the potentate's parting gifts to his courtiers; the *Queen Mary's* first-class suites are studded with his retainers; the private launch and the special plane wait to greet him. In London, the Ministers of State—their own reduced salaries a persistent reminder of Britain's financial plight—are left to purge the State of official extravagance, but nothing is permitted to detract from the splendour of the Premier's imperial progress to the Potomac.

The Former Naval Person may indeed feel some recompense is due to him for the secrecy which perforce surrounded his wartime journeys to the United States. And the fanfare and bunting might gladly be granted him if this mission were expected to yield such striking and constructive results as those which followed his meetings with President Roosevelt. But, however Mr. Churchill may publicly dramatise his visit, the course of the Washington discussions is bound to be hard; since 1941, the New World has learnt quite a lot about redressing the balance of the Old. Those who have pinned great hopes to the Premier's mission are forgetting that, despite his great personal prestige in the United States, he now travels, not as an equal partner in a wartime alliance, but as leader of a country whose economy and defence have alike become dependent upon American policy. He goes because he had little choice; as an incoming manager he must at least find out what he can expect from the senior partner. And Mr. Truman, already burdened with the preparation of two reports to Congress and the Budget, harassed by the corruption scandal, and faced with the disintegration of both British and U.S. policy in the Middle East, must similarly find time—with no matter what reluctance—to meet the author of the Fulton speech.

It is a meeting which may be difficult and embarrassing for both men. Mr. Truman is not the master of American policy as President Roosevelt was; on the contrary, both the President and Mr. Acheson have increasingly become the prisoners of Congress. What they wish to do is not nearly so relevant as what they think Congress will let them do. Congress may greet Mr. Churchill with acclamation. But Mr. Truman will be left to tell Mr. Churchill in private that Congress is unwilling to provide further economic aid to Britain; that Congress is dismayed by the continued British reluctance to federate with Europe and by Britain's inability to keep her rearmament pledges; and that Congress is in no mood for high-level talks with Stalin or any similar ideas that Mr. Churchill may have in mind. Mr. Truman, moreover, has other things on his mind. For the next eleven months American politics will be dominated by the demands of the election—a season in which original ideas are the prerogative of candidates and in which commitments are taboo.

It would, therefore, be utopian for Mr. Churchill to seek any long-term agreement, though this may not deter him from flying a few kites in the stormy winds of Washington. Even to secure discussion of some of his most pressing problems he will have to listen first to a recitation of American grievances, beginning with Britain's attitude towards European unity and defence, her own arms programme, her policy towards Communist China and, if Mr. Snyder has any say in the agenda, her monetary "improvidence." These disposed of, the conference will probably settle down to one of those rambling surveys of the horizon to which Mr. Churchill is addicted—a survey in which Defence is likely to have high priority, in which some policy for the Middle East must be hammered out, and in which the degree of assistance that Britain may look for will be determined largely by the way the Premier accommodates himself to the view Congress takes of the world.

In short, Mr. Churchill and Mr. Truman must try to dispose of some of the sharpest points of friction between this country and the United States. This alone will require great ingenuity. To grapple effectively with the real problems that are bringing Anglo-American relations to a crisis is impossible under the circumstances in which they meet in Washington. Some results there will be, for neither politician can afford to part without them. But the voyage to the Potomac is more a reconnaissance than an expedition for settlement.

Force Against Force in Egypt?

In a statement issued, "with the authority of the Prime Minister," after his return from London to Egypt, General Robertson has declared that the British Government is determined to press forward the Four Power proposals for a Middle East defence command (in which he hopes that the Egyptian Government would participate) but that, pending such an arrangement, British troops will "stay put" in the Canal Zone indefinitely, and will "meet force with force." Following General Erskine's warning that he was prepared, if necessary, "to crush with the powerful forces at my disposal" the "youth commandos" who are reported to be

training in Cairo for guerilla operations against the Zone, this blunt announcement by the Commander-in-Chief, Middle East, is hardly calculated to smooth the path for efforts to achieve mediation in the Egyptian dispute.

The appointment last week by King Farouk of Afifi Pasha as Chief of the Royal Cabinet and Amr Pasha as Royal Counsellor for Foreign Affairs certainly suggested that the Palace may have been becoming alarmed lest the nationalist fervour evoked by the Cairo Government against the British might turn eventually, in revolutionary mood, against the rich and privileged ruling class. The King may well have hoped that his two new "moderate" advisers might act as a useful liaison with the British "enemy." It is clear, however, that any hopes he may have entertained in this direction were dependent, not merely on the prevention of incitements to murder in the Egyptian press, but on a much more accommodating British attitude than that displayed by General Robertson.

In some quarters hopes have also been raised that Nuri Pasha, the Prime Minister of Iraq, might have brought with him to London some formula for ending the present impasse. He is credited with a plan to revive the Arab League collective security pact "in association" with N.A.T.O. That is, the Middle East States would abandon an *ohne mich* neutrality which, under the pressure of popular forces, might become not merely anti-Western but positively pro-Russian, and would adopt instead a strong "Third Force" position not provocative to the Soviet Union because it would not be irrevocably committed to the West. Whether or not this would be a viable position for States dependent on the U.S. Treasury for the sinews of war, both Nahas Pasha, the Egyptian Premier, and Rifaat Bey, legal adviser to the Cairo Cabinet, have made it clear this week that there is no chance at present for mediation which does not pre-suppose British evacuation of Egypt. Between that stipulation and the declaration of General Robertson there lies a gulf which it will tax the diplomacy of Afifi Pasha to bridge.

Towards a New German Army

The Six-Power talks in Paris on a "European army" probably got as far as they could in the circumstances. Further advance must await the next N.A.T.O. meeting in Lisbon next month. Even so, a good deal was done to bring the real issue into the perspective of European realities —and this real issue is not the formation of a European army but the formation of a German army. Without the American determination to rearm Western Germany there would be little need for complex arrangements for the common command and supply of allied armies in Western Europe. The job could be done by General Eisenhower's S.H.A.P.E. and done well. It was always objected that to apply the S.H.A.P.E. system to Western Germany would be to launch a sovereign and independent national army in Western Germany—a project which caused the French, in particular, a great deal of understandable alarm. Hence the so-called "Pleven Plan" for a "European army," and the talks in Paris between the Foreign Ministers of France, Italy, Western Germany and Benelux.

These talks were intended to provide a framework of joint control within which a West German army could be "safely" encased. The Germans, that is, would not enjoy national control over their own forces—any more than would the other five Powers. This control would be exercised by an intra-national authority, specially erected for the purpose, which in turn would be controlled in practice, though not in theory, by Washington. It is indeed easy to understand why Washington is so interested in this "European army": its existence would greatly facilitate the direct exercise of American military influence in Western Europe. And it is just as easy to understand the British reluctance to be included in this project.

What the six Ministers have now recommended is a three-stage advance towards a "federal army." In three or four years from now, other things being equal, the six countries would surrender their separate and national control over their armed forces in favour of a federal control. That sounds very fine. But will other things remain equal? The curious result of these talks is that for the immediate future, at least, the Germans are to have separate and national control of the forces which Bonn is now being encouraged and subsidised to raise. Is it so very likely that German generals, having secured their prized objective of raising and controlling their own armed forces, will be content to surrender this control to a federal authority? It begins to look dangerously as if the "European army" were merely a screen for a new Reichswehr.

Slow Motion at Panmunjon

Although aerial activity on both sides shows signs of increasing, it is at least satisfactory that there has been no resumption of large-scale ground operations in Korea. If a truce is finally concluded, it will be by a process of gradual attrition. So far as the sub-committee dealing with war prisoners is concerned, little now separates the negotiators. The Communists have promised to provide the further information which the Americans demanded about large numbers of "missing," and they have also agreed in principle to hand over interned civilians. More serious is the deadlock in the sub-committee dealing with the terms for supervision of an armistice. In this field it was the Americans who, last week, made a considerable concession: they agreed to abandon the demand for air inspection of territory behind the lines, and to accept limitations on the right to rotate troops, provided the Communists did not insist on their claim to renovate airfields in North Korea during the truce. This, however, apparently did not satisfy General Hsieh Feng, who still argues that any restrictions on the repair or reconstruction of airfields would be an unwarrantable "interference." The game of "pull baker, pull devil" is played slow.

Remnants of Empire in India

In an election speech last week on the border of Goa, one of the three Portuguese settlements in India, Pandit Nehru warned Portugal and France that India "cannot tolerate foreign States in any part of the country." So far, Premier Salazar has refused Nehru's three-year-old offer of "amicable negotiations" on the grounds that the areas are "an integral part of Portugal." This means that they are still ruled under a Colonial Act which declares that "it is the historical function of the Portuguese Nation to possess Colonial overseas dominions and to civilise the nations of those lands." Nationalist opinion in Goa inevitably regards it as intolerable that Western colonialism should have a foothold in India—not least because the harbour of Marmagoa is a potential strategic base for the naval domination of the Arabian Sea.

In the case of their possessions, the French were realistic enough to sign an Agreement with India in 1948; future status was to be referred to the people for their decision. To date this has happened only in the case of Chandernagore, which gave, in June, 1949, a verdict in favour of India by a 99 per cent. majority. In the remaining territories, the French now play for time. Recent elections for the French India Representative Assembly were described by Indians as a "mockery and deception in the name of democracy"; in Karikal the National Congress boycotted them; in Yanam, the Pro-Merger group took no part; in Pondicherry voters had only one list—that of the Socialist Party already in power (but disowned by the Indian Socialist Party). Meanwhile, a group of French observers have toured these areas to discover whether conditions are suitable for a referendum. Pandit Nehru announced some months ago that his Government do not regard themselves as bound by any findings that might result from this unilateral action.

Mr. Stassen Tries Again

A correspondent writes: Once more, Harold Stassen is an avowed contender for the Republican presidential nomination, though he now lacks either the merit of novelty or the strength of political influence. Two elections ago, he was a young hopeful; in 1948, he seemed more like a young fogey. Now, on a platform of platitudes about honesty in politics, American security and patriotism, he again puts himself forward. No longer tinged by his earlier "liberalism," his political ambitions are an embarrassment to the party regulars, and his opportunistic support of MacArthur and McCarthy suggests that he is now reduced to winnowing such support he can in an anti-Communist wind, and to pledging he will consult such "experienced men" as Herbert Hoover, Bernard Baruch, Jim Farley and Senator Byrd—as fair a collection of conservatives as anyone can find in the U.S. to-day.

Mr. Stassen's strategy seems to be to build up such strength as he can among the Republican convention delegates in the hope that he might control the balancing block in a convention deadlocked between, say, Taft and Eisenhower. Previously, he had declared that he would not run if General Eisenhower sought the nomination, and his announcement in fact comes after a visit paid to the General in France last week. Eisenhower campaigners, however, say that Mr. Stassen's decision is not an indication that the General has had second thoughts. In any case, Mr. Stassen had to choose between obscurity and another run for the nomination. His hesitancy may have had more to do with his problem of finding financial backers than with doubts about his own fitness as a candidate. Now, he must have some money behind him. How far is it "MacArthurite"?

Year End in France

Our Paris Correspondent writes: Undiscouraged apparently by the Archbishop of Toulouse, who declared Father Christmas to be impostor with no identity papers delivered by any of the four Evangelists, the people of France remained faithful to the old boy, and [illegible]brated Christmas, as before, with as much pag[illegible]t-eating and over-drinking as anyone could afford. Perhaps a little conscience-stricken, thousands from amongst the milling crowds pushing their way through Printemps and Lafayette dropped not only ten and twenty, but even hundred franc notes into the Salvation Army pail, over which a morose uniformed character kept ringing a strident, reproachful bell. This was for the Christmas dinner of the *clochards*—the down-and-outs of Paris. Millions must have eaten into their savings at Christmas, for even the humblest little *réveillon* on Christmas or New Year's Eve cost about 2,000 francs, while in the "better-class" places people spent between 5,000 and 10,000 per head.

Eat, drink and . . . ? Just around Christmas complete deadlock was reached between the Government and the Finance Committee of the National Assembly, the latter firmly rejecting the all round 10 per cent. increase in direct taxation; and, on the same day, the French Economic Council adopted unanimously a report full of very gloomy forecasts of an inevitable further inflation, a further rise in prices, and a growing Budget deficit. But the French are in no mood for heroic measures.

If French opinion is uncertain about France's own future, it is even more uncertain about the future of a United Europe. De Gaulle at a press conference just before Christmas declared that France had been throwing away trump after trump all these years. Germany had been given equal rights "with nothing in return"; of all the possible "pools," the iron-steel pool (Schuman Plan) was the one in which France would be in a constant state of inferiority; other trumps that France had recklessly thrown away were her air bases and the command posts in the Atlantic Pact; and the European Army, which had developed from the seemingly innocuous "Pleven Plan," had become a machine for the virtually unconditional rearmament of Germany. He announced that the Gaullists would shortly table a Bill for putting Europe and its armed forces on an entirely different basis. It would be a Confederation of sovereign States, each of which would have to enter into precise commitments, "so that no one country could ever acquire a position of hegemony in Europe." De Gaulle's critics have called all this romantic, nationalistic and unrealistic; but it is, for all that, indicative of a mood that is growing in France.

In the last pre-Christmas debate in the U.N. Political Committee, Vyshinsky was at the top of his form. Attacking the Mutual Security Act, he quoted gaily from speeches made in Congress to show what the real significance of the Act was. He alleged that the Americans were mobilising a sort of "Vlassov Army" of their own, and quoted the case of two parachutists who were shot by the Soviet authorities in Moldavia. He generally enjoyed himself hugely, even though, at times, he clearly overstated his case. Mr. Mansfield, the U.S. representative, looked distinctly sheepish, while Mr. Selwyn Lloyd, though counter-attacking fairly effectively—chiefly with the help of the Yugoslavs—still sounded like a brilliant lawyer with an awfully poor brief. A Western delegate, who voted for the U.S., later remarked: "Of course *every* Government does some dirty work; but you have to be as crazy as the U.S. Congress to *boast* about it!"

The Struggle for South Africa

WHATEVER may befall elsewhere, for South Africa this looks unpleasantly like a year of climax, and possibly of violent climax. The quickened tempo of racialist legislation, the growing confidence of the South African Government that it may do whatever it wishes with the non-White peoples of southern Africa—let world opinion and the United Nations say what they will—and the ostentatious preparations for the tercentenary of Jan van Riebeeck's arrival at the Cape: all these witness to a spirit of Nationalist intransigence which seems bent on provoking trouble. But the likelihood of climax in 1952 became very real on December 17, when the African National Congress of South Africa, meeting in Bloemfontein for its annual conference, took the fateful and historic decision to initiate passive resistance throughout the country.

Passive resistance by non-Whites in South Africa has usually meant active repression by the Whites. Under the intolerant racialism of the present South African Government, it will certainly mean that. The Nationalist Government has already suggested that it will scarcely hesitate to use "stern measures"; and the fact that the non-White organisations have chosen to start their campaign on April 6—the day of the van Riebeeck celebrations, which are to be used as a demonstration of the worst kind of Afrikaner chauvinism—provides a challenge that the Nationalists will not fail to meet. In the circumstances, the decision to wage passive resistance may not be far from a direct invitation to bloody reprisals; and it is clear from the information available that the leaders of the non-White communities have decided on this campaign only after long and grave consideration of all the issues involved. They know, after all, that their situation grows daily worse; they have the best of reasons for believing that the Nationalists can stay in power after the general election of 1953; they have no cause to look to the Nationalists for anything but further burdens and further sorrows for their people. They have preferred to accept the struggle sooner rather than later—not because they have desired this struggle, but because they believe that it has been forced upon them. Indeed they may well fear that if they waited much longer, the Government would find means to smash their organisations and render them defenceless.

What passed at Bloemfontein last month deserves, therefore, the close attention of the British public and the House of Commons. Earlier in the year, in July, the national executive committees of the African National Congress and the South African Indian Congress, as well as representatives of the Franchise Action Council (an organisation of the Cape Coloured community), had appointed a Joint Planning Council that was charged with the task of co-ordinating the efforts of these various bodies in a mass campaign against racial discrimination. This Planning Council's report was accepted by the Bloemfontein conference. It called for the repeal, by February 29, of discriminatory measures such as the Pass Laws, the Group Areas Act, the Separate Representation of Voters' Act, the Suppression of Communism Act, the Bantu Authorities Act, and others. If the Government refused to repeal these laws—which obviously it would, and has—then "mass action will begin on April 6 . . . (which) should take the form of committing breaches of certain selected laws and regulations which are undemocratic, unjust, racially discriminatory and repugnant to the natural rights of man. Rather than submit to these unjust laws," the Bloemfontein decisions continued, "those taking part in the mass action will defy them deliberately and in an organised manner and will be prepared to bear the penalties." The Africans are to break the Pass Laws; the Indians and Coloureds are recommended to concentrate on "defying provincial barriers (which prohibit freedom of movement), *apartheid* regulations—train, post office, railway stations, etc., and the Group Areas Act. . . ."

It will be well, before the trouble breaks, to note the spirit in which the non-White communities have taken this step. The African National Congress at Bloemfontein endorsed "whole heartedly and emphatically" a statement by their Joint Planning Council that goes some way towards suggesting what this spirit was.

> All people, irrespective of the national groups they may belong to and irrespective of the colour of their skin, who have made South Africa their home and who believe in the principles of democracy and the equality of man, are South Africans. All South Africans are entitled to live a full and free life on the basis of the fullest equality. . . .
>
> The struggle which the national organisations of the non-European people are conducting is not directed against any race or national group. It is against the unjust laws which keep in perpetual subjection and misery vast sections of the population. It is for the transformation of conditions which will restore human dignity, equality, and freedom to every South African.

There can be no more doubt of the gravity of this call for non-co-operation than of the unanswerable justification for it. Although the non-White organisations may not now command many active supporters, they are strongly and intelligently led, speak for the feelings of the vast majority of non-Whites, and are certainly capable of securing mass action. It is to be hoped that their leaders will prove equal to the tremendous responsibility they now accept, and will do their utmost to keep the coming struggle within the limits of non-violence. Yet an even greater responsibility rests upon the South African Government. The White community, no doubt, will discover "Communism," "Black chauvinism," and "racial terror" in this campaign. In reality, the central issue is none of these: for the Africans, Indians, and Coloureds of South Africa it is the issue of their own destruction or survival, and non-violent resistance is the defensive weapon they have chosen. If the Whites should respond in such a manner as to turn this non-violent campaign into something else, the blame will lie squarely on their own shoulders.

The Strange Case of Mr. X

IT is the fruit of the tree of the knowledge of power which is the cause of our banishment from the political Garden of Eden. Utopia is still with us so long as we believe that democracy means government by public opinion, and that war can be banished once world opinion has made international law the rule of a world society. But politics is the exercise of power, and political wisdom begins with the understanding that our task—this side of Eden—is not to abolish power politics and Great Power diplomacy, but to civilise them.

Even five years ago these rather trite reflections would have been dismissed by most leading Americans as typical of that cynical European outlook which first shocked and then corrupted President Wilson at Versailles. Wilson believed that the world could be made safe for democracy once the other statesmen, following his example, based their policies not on national self-interest but on moral principle and international law. Up to the pronouncement of the Truman Doctrine, Americans clung to this kind of utopianism and justified their isolationism by the failure of the Old World to adopt it. So long as they could, they remained on the periphery of international affairs, a people dedicated, under the protection of the British Navy and the terms of their Constitution, to the pursuit of happiness, a Great Power which regularly refused to exercise its great powers—until it was too late. Now, quite suddenly, under the pressure of the Cold War, the Monroe Doctrine has been extended to cover the whole non-Communist world; isolationism has been transformed into an active interventionism; and a traditional abhorrence for peacetime armaments gives place to a belief that force is the most effective word in the language of diplomacy.

Anyone who wishes to study this rupture with the American past should read and re-read a slender volume of essays by George Kennan.* Mr. Kennan has been a career diplomat for 25 years, with a special knowledge of Russia. In 1946 he was given the task of establishing for the first time a "Policy Planning Staff" in the State Department, charged with "looking at problems from the standpoint of the totality of American national interest." The definition of Mr. Kennan's new function was itself significant. From now on, American diplomacy was to be the conscious expression of American power, and its day-to-day operations subordinated to a long-term strategic plan. Mr. Kennan himself formulated the plan—the containment of Russian expansion—in an article which he contributed to *Foreign Affairs* under the pseudonym "Mr. X." Then, before his appointment as Ambassador to Moscow, he went into retirement at the Institute for Advanced Study in Princeton. The fruits of his meditation are six succinct essays on American diplomacy from 1900 to 1950. I have not read a more important book since the war.

A pessimistic conservative in politics, Mr. Kennan is a cool and deliberate counter-revolutionary in the realm of ideas. Having studied for three years in the Germany of Haushofer—founder of geopolitics—he has evolved a neo-Bismarckian theory of power, with the aid of which he wittily exposes the shortcomings of the State Department. In a brilliant first chapter, he takes the Spanish-American War of 1898 (an American act of arrant aggression which resulted in the acquisition of the Philippines and Hawai) as an example of how *not* to acquire a colonial empire, and he concludes:

> The ruling of distant peoples is not our dish. There are many things we Americans should beware of, and among them is the acceptance of any sort of paternalistic responsibility to anyone, be it even in the form of military occupation, if we can possibly avoid it, or for any period longer than is absolutely necessary.

In the next two chapters—on the Pacific—the Open Door policy in China is debunked as the bright idea of an Englishman, Mr. Hippisley, who was working in the Chinese Imperial Customs, and managed, while on holiday in the States, to persuade the Secretary of State to assist him in his private diplomatic war against the British Foreign Office. The Open Door, in fact, was an American domestic myth, which failed to keep the door open in China and began the alienation of Japan, which Mr. Kennan sees as a continuing error of State Department policy. Instead of frustrating Japan, the U.S. should have sought to direct her imperial expansion into beneficial channels. So, too, with Germany, which is studied in the fourth chapter. Mr. Kennan believes that America should have sought to preserve the Wilhelmian regime by a negotiated peace in 1917. Instead, Wilson transformed an old-fashioned European war into the first of the ideological world wars. Mr. Kennan notes the contrast between the extreme disinterestedness of the U.S., so long as she is neutral, and the violence of her crusading spirit once she is involved in war.

> I sometimes wonder whether in this respect a democracy is not uncomfortably similar to one of those prehistoric monsters with a body as long as this room and a brain the size of a pin. He lies there in his comfortable, primeval mud and pays little attention to the environment. He is slow to wrath—in fact, you practically have to whack his tail off to make him aware that his interests are being disturbed; but once he grasps this, he lays about him with such blind determination that he not only destroys his adversary but largely wrecks his native habitat.

To those who reply that this violent switch from isolationism to crusading is an inevitable facet of American democracy, he remarks: "A nation which excuses its own failures by the sacred untouchableness of its own habits can excuse itself into complete disaster."

The moral he draws from World War II is somewhat different. He takes issue with those who blame American diplomacy at Teheran and Yalta. The real fault, he believes, lay in the failure to reconsider the terms of Lend-Lease to Russia as soon as the Second Front in France had established a power-basis for tougher negotiations with Stalin.

Throughout these elegant, melancholic and beautifully concise dissertations there run two themes. The first is a condemnation of the "legalistic-moralistic" approach to foreign affairs. International relations, for the pupil of Haushofer, are power relations, to be regulated not through high-sounding declarations of principle, but by Great Power diplomacy based on a refined misunderstanding of national self-interest. We must modestly admit, says Mr. Kennan, that

> our own national interest is all that we are really capable of knowing and understanding . . . and that, if our own purposes and undertakings here at home are decent ones, then the pursuit of our national interest can never fail to be conducive to a better world.

The attempt, therefore, to deduce American policy from concepts of international law and morality—or, even worse, to subject it to the decisions of international organisations—has been misguided and disastrous, and must lead almost inevitably to total war, with its senseless demand for unconditional surrender.

> It is a curious thing, but it is true, that the legalistic approach to world affairs, rooted as it unquestionably is in a desire to do away with war and violence, makes violence more enduring, more terrible, and more destructive to political stability than did the older motives of national interest. A war fought in the name of high moral principle finds no early end short of some form of total domination.

In the second place, Mr. Kennan is passionately convinced that "there is no more dangerous delusion than the concept of total victory." Though, in the past, wars may have been fought and won for limited purposes, democracies are incapable of this calculated use of the instruments of coercion. They can only wage war as a moral crusade, a crusade which can never achieve its purpose. Granted, therefore, that the existence of totalitarian Russia is in contradiction to American national interests—and Mr. Kennan is firmly convinced of this—what is to be done? Political warfare (he is clearly thinking here of "Free Europe") is worse than useless, and war itself will settle nothing. All that can be done is to contain further Soviet expansion, to refrain scrupulously from any interference in the internal affairs of Russia or her satellites, and to hope that, by the sheer influence of example, the Russians may be stimulated to modify or overthrow their regime. To improve the Russians, he concludes, Americans must improve themselves, and the main improvement he recommends is "a constitutional reform which would give us a parliamentary system more nearly like that which exists in England." And meanwhile? Meanwhile, here (in abbreviated form) are Mr. Kennan's maxims:

> Refrain from moralistic slogans, refrain from picturing your effort as a campaign, keep open your lines of negotiation to the enemy, decline to break up his empires and overthrow his political system, avoid commitments to the extremist war aims of your allies, retain your freedom of action, exploit your bargaining power flexibly.

Two comments can be made on Mr. Kennan's book. In the first place, the reality of the actual containment policy must have come as a ghastly shock to poor "Mr. X." The "legalistic-moralistic approach" still dominates Washington and is producing all the ruinous consequences which he foresaw. The patient strategy of co-existence which he planned has been transformed into the crusade against Communism which he denounced. The White House and Congress still accept the "delusion of total victory" and have debased the subtle notion of a

* *American Diplomacy*, 1900-1950. By George F. Kennan. *University of Chicago Press*. $2.75.

balance of geopolitical power into the vulgar fallacy that military strength is "the only language the Ruskies understand." Every one of Mr. Kennan's devastating criticisms of American foreign policy up to 1950 applies with much greater force to the period since his own doctrine was accepted and perverted. If Congressmen could read books, the author of *American Diplomacy* would be purged from the State Department as an arch-appeaser instead of being sent as Ambassador to Moscow.

This brings me to my second criticism. Mr. Kennan himself admits that his "realism" cannot be successfully applied under the existing American Constitution and in the present mood of American opinion. But, in that case, was it realistic to recommend it? *Corruptio optimi pessima.* Bismarck succeeded in civilising German ambitions—until the pilot was dropped and the corruption of Bismarckian realism became the cause of World War I. But at least Bismarck was Chancellor when he established his system: he had the *power* to make it work. Mr. Kennan, when he thought out his containment policy, must have known that the American Constitution was not going to be changed to suit the State Department, and that neither Congress nor the press would tolerate his master plan for a moment if it had been applied in accordance with its author's intentions, and not vitiated with all the errors and delusions he denounces. Ironically enough, Mr. Kennan has been guilty of the wishful thinking which he attributes to his predecessors. To propose that his brand of amoral, Bismarckian realism should become the policy of a democracy is just as utopian as President Wilson's belief that national interests should be subordinated to international law. It is also much more dangerous. All that "Mr. X" achieved by his policy planning was to remove the moral inhibitions on power politics, which Wilsonism and isolationism each in their way provided, and to furnish an intellectual justification for the demagogic excesses he most abhors.

R. H. S. CROSSMAN

Hospital Diary

I WONDER how many families have had as much direct benefit from the National Health Service in the past year as mine has. A very rough calculation puts the market value of the services we have received at not less than £300. It was, as you see, a bad year—a worse one, I hope, than that of most readers of this journal. But, if the figures are particular, a deduction from our experiences may be general. The Health Service is, I suspect, the most deeply rooted of all recent social growths. The Government will make serious encroachments on it at its peril. Most of the other social services can be attacked, or allowed to erode under inflation, without unduly affronting the solid mass of middle-class opinion on which a Tory Government depends. Food subsidies, unemployment benefit, pensions, even public education, strike the average Tory as factors in the rising cost of living rather than the inescapable responsibilities of a civilised community. But ill-health shows a deplorable disregard of social distinction; and the middle class, no less than the workers, have found that the Health Service, for all its rough edges, meets a recurring, unpredictable and uniquely exigent need. Its paternity would not, I think, be in doubt even if all the records of past controversies were lost. For, together with Labour's Housing policy, it represents by far the most forthright re-distribution of physical assets accomplished by the Labour government. For all his subtlety of dialectic, Mr. Bevan has an essentially simple, almost Robin Hood-like approach to social problems; and, with that, an unwavering determination to reach his objective of meeting real need.

* * *

My own contribution to the grand family total has been a substantial one and has arisen principally from a long period of treatment as a hospital out-patient, followed by an operation and a spell in a public ward. The method by which I was, as it were, fed into the machine may be worth recounting. The family doctor, alarmed at my condition (as he said) or unable (as I suspected) to devise the means of devoting to me more than the five minutes which is necessarily the ration of consultation for patients who visit him at his surgery, desired me to see a specialist. Would I much mind consulting one privately? He had nothing against the Health Service, but it was important that there should be no delay; and I might have to wait about for days as a public patient before I could be seen to his satisfaction. Somewhat ashamed, but in considerable pain, I agreed. Mr. X and Mr. Y, both at the top of their profession, were telephoned. Mr. X was on holiday; Mr. Y was exceedingly busy, but could fit in a quarter of an hour's consultation in four days' time. In desperation, at 9 o'clock in the evening, I took a taxi to a famous London hospital which specialises in my complaint. Within fifteen minutes I was receiving treatment from the very experienced surgeon on duty. The next morning I became a regular out-patient. In charge of my case? Mr. Y, under whose care I remained for three months and who eventually performed a successful operation. Full marks to N.H.S.

* * *

After all the publicity which has been given in recent years to the shortage of nurses, I was surprised at the degree of attention my ward-mates and I received as in-patients. The day staff of the ward in which I lay consisted of a sister and seven nurses to look after sixteen patients. Here was luxury indeed; and I am told that it is not exceptional in the teaching hospitals. But, even though practically all of us were surgical cases and needed a good deal of attention, this does seem a waste of resources. A very different story is told of some of the less glamorous hospitals, where one can still hear of two or three nurses in charge of fifty or sixty patients—to say nothing of the beds which lie empty for absence of staff. The principal reason for the relative ease with which certain hospitals can attract nurses seems to be the real value to a nurse's future career of having been trained at one of the great teaching hospitals. The hospital administration tends to take as many as it can possibly use, partly because of the difficulty of obtaining ward-maids to do the domestic tasks which are not strictly nursing. Indeed, it strikes the lay eye at once that far too much of the nurses' time is taken up in jobs that are only indirectly related to nursing the patients. If this criticism is valid, surely it should not be beyond the wit of the Health Minister to devise incentives which would induce a more even distribution of nursing resources. The result would justify unorthodox means; for the present arrangement is unduly wasteful.

* * *

Like most patients, I leave hospital with a mixed bag of impressions, mostly favourable, some unfavourable, some of sheer bewilderment. On the credit side I pay tribute to the care, skill and kindness of the nurses. No doubt their task was made easier by their number. But nothing except a sense of vocation can explain the devotion, indeed affection, with which they contrived to understand and anticipate the varying wants of a ward-full of patients, differing in age, ailment and temperament. I also enjoyed the anonymous, equalitarian atmosphere of ward life. Here in microcosm is something approaching the classless society. Sick men are as equal—and almost as naked—before their nurses as before their God. And though it must be admitted that the social pattern is that of a dictatorship—the weight of personal responsibility is gratefully cast off with the outdoor clothes—the benefits are distributed according to need and not, thank Heaven, according to deserts. On the other side of the picture, I must add my condemnation of hospital feeding. The food is eatable and, I don't doubt, nutritionally adequate. But why must it be so nasty and so ill-cooked? Every hospital nowadays has its staff of dietitians and catering advisers; and few patients, allowing for all the obvious difficulties, will demand more than that the standard should reach that of the popular teashop. At present it comes nowhere near it. Still on the debit side, I criticise the system which puts children of over eight years into an adult ward. There are, no doubt, occasions when this is inevitable, but it cannot be desirable that infants who have come to hospital for, say, a tonsilectomy should share a room with the elderly and gravely sick. I don't think the children consciously object: indeed, most of the little brats are spoiled to the point where hospital must seem to them like holidaying with a convention of Father Christmases. But I'm pretty sure there are some nightmares when they get home and I wish it could be avoided.

* * *

The diarist is fortunate in being able to gratify a seemingly irresistible impulse by writing about his operation instead of wearying his friends by talking about it. The reader also has an obvious escape, sometimes denied to the interlocutor. But this diary, for all that it is personal, perhaps a trifle esoteric, is not entirely aimless. The point can be put tersely enough in conclusion. The Health Service does work. There are spots where the structure of the service as a whole can be strengthened. There are certainly aspects of hospital administration which under criticism will be improved. But the object of making the medical resources of the nation available to all without distinction of class or income has broadly been achieved. It is a real and, I hope, irrevocable step towards Socialism.

I for one pay my taxes the more cheerfully for that. And as a New Year resolution I vow that I will pay them with an equally good grace for the future, in the rather impious hope that this year others will benefit from the Service more than I shall. FLAVUS

FOR PUBLIC SERVICES

We are, thank Heav'n, not short of decorations,
For Whitehall in the New Year's Honours roll
Rains down distinctions, medals, elevations,
And all who served adorn the golden scroll.
Not least, the State gives ample compensations
To politicians beaten at the poll,
Restored, as peers, to Parliamentary glories—
They also served, who only served the Tories.

The Government gives liberal recognition
To industry, to science and the arts,
To all who served, whatever their condition,
And countless O.B.E.s lift countless hearts,
While, honouring historical tradition,
Whitehall restores the extinct race of Barts.,
And names upon the glorious page has written
Who only served the Festival of Britain.

Abundantly the fount of honour gushes
With bounty almost indiscriminate,
And many a new-made knight this morning blushes
To find himself in *Burke*, among the great.
A worker busy with her brooms and brushes,
A menial in some Ministry of State
In Civil Servitude quite unrecorded—
They also serve, and find themselves rewarded.

Now honours shine like stars on the deserver,
Distinctions crown illustrious careers,
Great Britain recognises all who serve her,
The public every New Year title cheers.
Yet it must strike the diligent observer
That here and there upon the scroll appears
A name perhaps deserving rather less—
Of one served, but served without success.

The State that showers honours in profusion
Does not forget their unavailing toil
Who strove to check unwarranted intrusion
On Britain's sphere of Anglo-Persian oil.
Defeated in the Middle East's confusion,
Their service ineffectual, but loyal,
These names, too, on the Honours Roll we scan—
They also served, who sweated in Iran.

SAGITTARIUS

THIS ENGLAND

Prizes are awarded of £1 for the first entry and 5/- for each of the others printed. Paste entries on a POSTCARD

Shopping in Hull earlier this month, I came across a "Christmas Fayre," at which were clothes, toys and good things to eat, but was amazed to see that behind the red cloak and venerable beard, Santa Claus was a well-known local Communist.—Letter in the *Recorder*. (John Theobald.)

Under a notice offering "Honey for Sale," —, of The Caravan, Evesham Road, Cranhill, put up another which read: "Ignore the Bald Headed Old Bath Bun Next Door." At Stratford-on-Avon Petty Sessions on Friday, — was fined £1 for displaying an advertisement without planning permission.—*Evesham Journal*. (D. Johns.)

There was ample evidence in Edinburgh yesterday of the growing recognition of Christmas as a religious day.—*Scotsman*. (J. McG. Drummond.)

It must be still a great comfort to many of us that we now have a Government composed of Members whose names are British and intelligible. —Letter in *Richmond and Twickenham Times*. (C. Vangelderen.)

Col. —— had led a life in the Army in which he had been sheltered from the kind of people who are to be met with in civilian life.—*Daily Telegraph*. (A. Battenham.)

Widow Twankey's Profession

ALADDIN's mother, no doubt, was the first of the washerwoman Dames, but most of the Principal Boys seem to spring from homes where the trade is plied. Is it merely because astute pantomime producers have seen the comic possiblities of that inevitable kitchen scene, where the Baron's laundry and the Broker's Men become inextricably entangled? Or is it, perhaps, that our parents—in whose day the pattern of pantomime plot became set—instantly recognised the lowly origins of a hero or heroine whose mother followed Widow Twankey's profession? For those who "take in washing" have always been near the bottom of the social scale, and even to-day, when a modern laundry is more like a clean textile factory than the steaming inferno so many of us mentally picture, employers sometimes find that the stigma of being a "washerwoman" hampers recruitment of much-needed new workers. One laundry manager, indeed, recently told me how he had tried to run dances in his canteen during the war, inviting men from a nearby airfield. At first, only a handful turned up; the men just couldn't see themselves taking socially to laundresses. "But eventually," he said, "even Warrant Officers began to come"!

The launderers are very much aware of popular misconceptions—they share with postmen the burden of the weary jokes about deliberate damage—and they take pains to counter them by opening their laundries to visitors, and by publicity which stresses good working and technical standards and the contribution that laundries make to public health and convenience. For to-day, with inflation pressing on the household budget, and making the laundry bill one of the first domestic economies, and with the rising cost of materials and wages combining with the shortage of skilled labour to make things difficult for the launderer, the laundry business is once again having to think seriously about its public relations. Those once-familiar signs—"No New Customers Accepted"—have gone from the counters, and in their place are attractive leaflets advertising the virtues of the laundry industry.

For industry it really is. According to the Institution of British Launderers, which represents nine out of ten firms, there are 2,150 laundries in Britain—excluding those in hospitals, hotels, army camps and the like—which are regularly used by nearly half of the thirteen million families in this country. Something like fifty million articles are laundered every week, and the annual turnover of the industry is more than thirty-five million pounds. The "median" laundry, according to the trade statistics, employs seventy or eighty workers, and should do about £700 business weekly (though firms differ widely in size, from the giant plant to the back-street laundry). Some firms, moreover, are increasingly adding dry-cleaning branches to their work, for the combination offers obvious economies in the plant, and in delivery services.

These figures suggest that the laundry profit margin is fairly small, with an average turnover of less than ten pounds per week for every employee. It follows that after meeting overheads, material costs and profits, the "wages fund" for the industry's 149,300 operatives cannot be very large. Wages, in fact, are low. The minimum set by the Laundry Wages Council for the 117,500 women workers is 1s. 6d. an hour for a 45-hour week; and though the employers claim that few are actually on the minimum, the Ministry of Labour gives only £3 11s. 2d. as the average weekly earnings—a figure that implies that comparatively few laundries are at present offering the production bonuses encouraged by the I.B.L. Men, employed as drivers, boilermen, mechanics, and as minders of the washing machines, do better than the women ironers, sorters and packers, but few of the 31,800 men earn more than seven pounds a week. The Co-operative laundries apart, trade union membership is unusual among the workers and how much an individual laundry pays above the national minimum depends upon the local competition it meets in attracting and retaining labour.

The employers insist, however, that even with wages at this low level, labour costs are one of the main reasons for their rising prices, for wages are the largest item on their balance sheets. Every pound spent at the laundry, they claim, is divided in this fashion:—

	s.	d.
Wages and Salaries	12	1½
Materials	1	8
Fuel	1	7
Collection and Delivery	1	3½
Repairs and Depreciation	1	3
General Expenses		9½
Rent and Rates		3½
Taxation		6½
Dividend and Reserve		5½
	20	0

Each laundry will vary slightly from these averages, but it is clear that there is a very close relationship between wage rates and the prices charged to the customer. This may explain why wages have been held to little more than double the 1939 level, while soap, petrol, fuel, wrapping paper, boxes and machinery—which together account for about one-quarter of laundry costs and are outside the launderer's control—have risen two and three times as much. The laundries, moreover, have been subject to price control since 1941, the various increases permitted by the Board of Trade being based on the 1939 price list. Since the last advance in August the total surcharge amounts to between 64 per cent. and 102 per cent., depending upon which of the fifty-six price areas the laundry operates in.

In some sections of the industry there has been a growing demand for the abolition of these price controls, not so much because the employers wish to charge more all round—they know that the size, if not the cost, of the weekly bundle is already shrinking—but, as one laundry man put it, "because we feel that the price schedule has become too inflexible. The make-up of the weekly wash has changed over the last decade, and laundries may be handling articles in quite different proportions than they did in 1939, but the price differentials remain the same. We want, therefore, to adjust our price lists. We would like to encourage some kinds of trade and discourage others, so that we may get a better balance to our work."

But this, of course, will do little to hold laundry prices at their present level. Operating on narrow margins, the laundries feel compelled to pass on to the customer any wage increase, or further rises in the cost of fuel, petrol and materials. And yet this may again lead to a decline in business. If present laundry prices are as much as the traffic will bear, is there any way out of this dilemma?

One solution is now being tried by the operators of laundrettes, which have been springing up in busy centres during the last two years. What could be better, on the face of it, than to have eight pounds of clothes washed for 2s. 6d. or 3s.? And some automatic laundries, using up to twenty machines, are actually making a success of this business and turning over as much as £150

to £200 a week. One manufacturer, for instance, has introduced an agency system whereby the operator hires or purchases his machines direct in return for his concession. But not all laundrettes have been successful.

Take, for instance, an operator with six machines. "Rent, rates, wages, fuel and soap may come to about £25 a week," he says, "and then add the capital outlay for equipment. I must take nearly thirty pounds a week before I begin to break even. That means a minimum of two hundred customers. To make my investment worth-while and keep the machines in use, I need something nearer four hundred. And I find, despite a considerable outlay on advertising, that my clientele remains obstinately steady at just below the break-even point. My mistake, of course, may be in choosing a poor site." But sites are not the only problem. Opinion in the industry seems to be that many people find the washing the least bothersome part of home laundering, and that the chore of drying and ironing at home—especially among flat-dwellers to whom the laundrette might otherwise be attractive—offsets the advantages of a cheap and quick *washing* service. Certainly, there are no signs that the laundrette is having much more than a marginal effect upon the commercial laundry which offers a fully-finished service, though it may be that "fluff-dried" or "dried-bagwash" work will have a wider public appeal.

There is, of course, the chance that increased efficiency could help stabilise prices, and both the Institution of British Launderers and the British Laundry Research Association have done a great deal in recent years to raise the technical standards of the industry. Improvements have been made in laundry layout, in washing methods and detergents, in machinery and in fuel saving, and both these bodies have a qualified field staff to whom launderers can turn for help. A normal laundry can effect savings of up to eight per cent. by using modern methods. If overall mechanisation is difficult, because most of the finished work does not consist of standard articles, it is still possible in part. Few customers, I believe, have any conception of the elaborate equipment that a good laundry possesses, ranging from centrifuge dryers to ultra-violet marking systems that eliminate the need for disfigurement by marking inks. But this, at best, is a guerrilla campaign against rising prices which, for all its gains, holds out no hope of any dramatic improvement.

Such a change, in fact, could come only by a new discovery which would revolutionise washing as radically as the coming of the steam laundry and the subsequent development of a washing technology since the beginning of this century. From the days when the Pharaohs had a Royal Chief Washer, and the *Odyssey* described Nausicaa's laundry methods, the basic techniques remained unchanged: the medieval whitsters who laid out the City's laundry to bleach in Moorfields were going about it in much the same way as the Indian dhobi or the woman who used to take in grandma's washing. Steam, chemistry and machinery changed that pattern. Now, thanks to the work of the scientists at the British Laundry Research Association, the industry may be on the threshold of another technical revolution—ultrasonic washing.

The use of high-frequency vibrations for cleansing is still little more than a brilliant idea. I have watched the B.L.R.A. staff using a quartz generator to agitate a beaker of water containing dirty fibres—an agitation so intense that it can emulsify mercury in water—and there is no doubt that the process works on the laboratory scale. It can be done. And if it can be done *commercially*, it would mean that laundries need no longer classify articles on receipt, but could wash all goods together by the same process. No heat would be needed in the washhouse, and the process of washing and rinsing could be continuous and short. The savings are obvious: less handling and fewer operations, greater output, and drastic economies in water, fuel and detergents. No one, however, can say how soon this process can be put into practical use or what the cost of installation and upkeep would be.

There is one other method of meeting high laundry prices that is barely mentioned in trade circles—the rate-subsidised municipal laundry. The Institution has been fighting this idea since 1920, when it secured an injunction against Fulham Borough Council. Last year it secured the denial of the necessary powers to the L.C.C. And such "vigilance" will almost certainly receive support from a Tory Government. But whether the Labour Movement should accept this opposition as final is another matter. If laundries, as the employers claim, are in part a public health service, then there are at least good grounds for considering some form of public enterprise where the voters feel inclined. And it may well be that the capital that may be required for ultrasonic washing could be found only by some form of public investment; for if the launderers' costing figures are accepted, they must be chronically short of capital.

NORMAN MACKENZIE

Palestine Pioneers

ONE of the contemporary world's greatest citizens is credited with the perspicacious remark that the Jews are like all other peoples, only more so. Certainly some difficulties of our times are reflected in possibly their most acute form in Palestine. Surrounded by hostile neighbours, the tiny democracy of Israel is trying to defy all the laws of modern immigrant absorption, and maintain a democratic way of life, while swamping itself with immigrants themselves steeped in precisely that Levantine way of life, freedom from which distinguishes Jewish Palestine from her neighbours. Of grumbling there is plenty, and it takes on a peculiar form. Jews who have come here because the articulate centre of Jewry—Israel—knew danger to their very existence to be imminent, Jews who have left behind them a life of moral enslavement, economic discrimination and social degradation—these are the elements among whom most grumbling, most crying after the flesh pots of Egypt and other kindred countries can be heard. They demonstrate, they clamour, often with justification, because Israel's heart is bigger than her purse, and it is clear that housing, even of the most primitive kind, must lag, for months if not years, pitifully behind minimum requirements. But the young Jews who have come here since the establishment of the State of Israel, out of choice, from comfortable homes, where anti-Semitism is far from persecution—these do not grumble; they feel the exhilarating sense of future which astounds every objective visitor, whether Jew or Gentile, to this country. Such are David and Chava.

I met them immediately after their arrival in Israel, fresh from the material comforts of the United States, where David had studied music and Chava was a graduate in archaeology from one of America's leading Universities. They had no money, not a penny, although they had brought with them some wedding gifts and the wire recorder on which David recorded his compositions, and the excellent camera Chava had used while doing field work in archaeology. They also had a tiny refrigerator, the most modest wireless set possible—and enough courage to try to make the grade. They arrived here in the early Spring of 1950, and immediately went to a residential course in Hebrew. This solved their housing problem for six months, during which they searched around and found nothing. After they had completed their course, during which David, who had had something of a Jewish upbringing, acquired a rudimentary knowledge of Hebrew, while Chava, who was of mixed parentage and had no Jewish background, learned amusingly little, they found a disused wash-house in the garden of an abandoned house in Katamon, and were allowed to do something with the four windowless and doorless walls, leaking roof and rudimentary flooring. They "moved in." I lost track of them for many months, and it was only last week that they called to see me and asked me to visit them before they were evicted from their home.

I went, accompanied by a native of Kensington, herself a newcomer to Israel. The wash-house measured about eight paces by six, and, being distempered while on the outside, was called "The White House." The young couple had themselves put in the primitive plumbing, cut the windows in the walls and made the window frames. Everything was gaily painted, and the cheap curtaining was embroidered with bright designs. The dining-table was two suitcases and a board which served, when not in use as a table-top, as a blind over the window. A cloth embroidered by Chava was on the table, and the vase of flowers on the table stood on a mat made of pine needles and coloured rafia. The rest of the furniture was home-made out of packing-cases, some covered with sacking enlivened with bright appliqué designs. In a place of honour was the organ, which David had bought for thirty shillings in a second-hand market, taken to pieces and reassembled. On it, he played Bach to us that morning.

David is 29 and Chava 27, so they ought to know what they want from life. Chava's parents are very wealthy and are anxious, at the shortest notice, to send them their tickets back home. I asked them whether they regretted their coming to Israel, whether they ever intended to return to America. Their reply was that the idea had never occurred to them. What, they asked, was the point in living in America, where everything is available for the paying? There was no aim, no delight, no fun in life in the States. There was no sense of to-morrow, of the future; no obstacles to overcome, therefore no sense of achievement. Their only worry was that they had been told that the nearby school needed their wash-house as an extra class-room, and they had no idea where they would go from their present home, which they, having built it plank by plank, loved as an artist the fruit of his labours. I told them to refuse to move until they had alternative accommodation and to continue doing the gardening—the service they rendered in return for their right to turn a wash-house into a home, so that it could never be said that they had not paid rent.

I had been impressed by the complete absence of panic about the possibility of being roofless again: they were not unduly worried, not even duly worried, I would have said. But when I told them everything possible would be done to get them a two-roomed flat among the many new immigrants from the West who are coming here to-day, they suddenly looked really panic-stricken. Where, Chava asked, would they get timber out of which they could make enough furniture for two rooms? So few people were arriving here from countries which permitted them to bring their furniture and personal effects that packing-cases and crates were scarce and hard to come by!

Returning home, I asked myself what it was

that brought these youngsters here, and what it is that is keeping them here. Had they been Europeans, I might have understood it better, for throughout Europe, and especially in England, there is a perplexed sense of defeat. But they were American, and the perplexities of Europe played no part in their background. I recalled that a Labour Member in the Knesset said recently that Zionism is simply rejection by the Jew of the status of the Jew in Dispersion. Was it that which brought David and Chava here and gave them the courage to overcome difficulties of this kind? But neither had ever been a member of a Zionist organization, neither had known what Zionism stood for. No, I think all these simple explanations are too subjective and fail to offer a reasonable explanation. I think whatever answer can be found must be sought in a wider conception of history. It is my conviction that Israel's emergence, her messianic drive to reshape her people and give them normality and zest for living, her fight to establish democratic government and a democratic way of life in the squalor of Middle Eastern feudalism—all these will be recorded in history as the one positive energising phenomenon in a century of ideological war, destruction and defeatism.

Jerusalem, December. BERTHA URDANG

The Politics of Free Enterprise

II. Fair Shares

"You can't defeat the Welfare State," someone said, "because no one will ever shoot Santa Claus." To be sure, a number of Tories have been trying desperately to kill the old man. Indeed, potting Santa has become a close season substitute for fox hunting in the right circles. But the shooting so far has not been notably rewarding. Santa is as alive as ever, and still handing out food subsidies, old age pensions and free medical care. Moreover—and for some Tories this is more a target than Santa himself—his bag of goodies remains round and full. One day soon, the Tories say fearfully among themselves, Santa will reach in and pull out Fair Shares. When that happens we may as well turn in our guns to the Home Guard.

The sophisticated Tories, however, are already turning in their weapons. With some prompting from that *avant-garde* of capitalism, the American businessmen, they have discovered that while Santa is immune to bullets he is wide open to imitation. After all, equipped with a red suit, beard and a bulging sack, almost anyone can play Santa Claus, even David Eccles. And as far as goodies are concerned, Welfare Capitalism can be made to fill the workers' stocking almost as bountifully as the Welfare State. The Tory Santa Claus, in other words, is a facsimile of the Old Man, and there is a chance that the counterfeit will succeed. The idea of Santa, at any rate, is already almost as popular with the Tories as it is with the kiddies.

The crucial question, of course, has to do with the contents of the sack. In the Tory version Santa is not so much a gift-bearer as a combination of stockbroker and company director. His sack bulges with shares, dividends and bonuses of all sorts which are reserved for the workers collectively or as individuals. The purpose of all this, in the words of a leading Tory Santa, Winston Churchill, "is to build a property-owning democracy both independent and interdependent. In this I include profit-sharing in suitable industries. . . . In fact, we seek so far as possible to make the status of the wage-earner that of a partner rather than that of an irresponsible employee."

Profits, of course, may be shared in a variety of ways. In the first instance profits remaining after certain deductions can be divided with the workers according to some fixed scheme of distribution. Vauxhall Motors, for example, after deducting 6 per cent. on the net capital employed in the business, pays 10 per cent. of the remaining net profits into a Profit-Sharing Fund. The relation of the Fund to the total remuneration of Vauxhall employees determines the percentage addition to each employee's wages that the Fund provides. Employees with five or more years of service also receive a 2½ per cent. increase in the remuneration base for each year of continuous service beyond five, to a maximum of a 25 per cent. addition to the base.

A more conspicuous kind of profit-sharing, usually referred to as "co-partnership," involves the distribution of shares as representing profits, or a combination of shares and cash payments. The woollen cloth manufacturing firm of J., T. and J. Taylor, after deducting 5 per cent. on capital employed, pays a uniform rate of dividend on both issued capital and wages. In some years employees have been permitted to take the dividend in cash, Government securities or company shares, to the extent that to-day four-fifths of the total share capital is owned by the employees. Such capital, however, does not carry with it any voting rights.

In the case of Bryant and May, after a free-of-tax dividend of 10 per cent. has been paid on the ordinary and "partnership" shares, an amount not exceeding £120,000 free-of-tax is divided equally between ordinary shareholders and employees, the latter receiving their share as a bonus up to 12½ per cent. of their salaries or wages. The bonus may be used to purchase "partnership" shares, of which 250,000 £1 units have been created, and on which a dividend is paid at the same rate as on the ordinary shares but not exceeding 10 per cent. Employees holding 50 or more "partnership" shares are entitled to attend and vote at company general meetings.

Such profit-sharing, of course, creates an appearance of workers' participation in the ownership and control of industry, but it is an appearance without substance. Usually, profits are shared only after the real profits have already been reduced by provisions for the preference shares, a basic dividend on the ordinary shares, and reserves. The surplus then remaining is somewhat unequally divided between shareholders and employees. For all schemes the average addition to workers' incomes is about 6 per cent., or 10 per cent. less than the national average rate of dividends in 1951. At Vauxhall Motors, for example, over 12,000 employees shared profits of £68,391 in 1950, which was about the same amount as the total remuneration shared by only 14 directors, and roughly 40 per cent. of the total of dividends. And as far as control is concerned, in only a fraction of cases can the workers acquire enough shares to give them even an important minority interest.

Certain industries, on the other hand, have a great deal to gain from profit-sharing. Since such schemes depend on a reasonably stable level of profits over a long-term period, they are most successfully practiced by firms who enjoy a quasi-monopoly or monopoly position. Profit-sharing so practised is an effective device for attracting and keeping a labour force, and it therefore gives the industrial giants a substantial advantage in the competition for workers that is one characteristic of full employment. Indeed, it is precisely for this reason that the Federation of Master Cotton Spinners' Associations, whose membership largely reflects small-scale enterprise, has rejected profit-sharing, and, again, it was for this reason that a number of its members chose to resign from the Federation rather than give up the practice.

The attitude of the Federation, however, is almost unique in industry. Although profit-sharing before the war was relatively negligible, involving only about 2 per cent. of all workers, it has boomed since. According to the Industrial Co-partnership Association, its principal professional sponsor, "there are more schemes in operation to-day than in 1937 . . . and the office has never been so busy answering queries and advising business undertakings." Firms which are already profit-sharers or co-partners include, in addition to those mentioned, the Nuffield Organisation, Associated Portland Cement, Lever Brothers, Spillers, Tate & Lyle, Montague Burton, Reckitt & Colman, Clarke Nickolls & Coombs, Triplex, and Kodak. At the political level the sophisticated Tory advocates of profit-sharing have allies in the Liberals who would make both profit-sharing and co-partnership compulsory in firms employing over 50 workers and/or 50,000 pounds of capital. The Labour Party, of course, has been traditionally cool toward profit-sharing, but it is perhaps significant that at the last Trades Union Congress, Hugh Gaitskell could "throw it out as an idea." The *Economist* noted that the "idea" was "greeted without enthusiasm, but with some flicker of interest. That is significant enough. A few years ago it would certainly have been howled down."

Hugh Gaitskell and the T.U.C. apart, the revival of interest in profit-sharing since the war is not difficult to explain. Theodore C. Taylor, known in profit-sharing circles as the "grand old man" of the movement, has stated that "I look on profit-sharing as the abolition of war between classes." Ernest Marples, M.P., has declared that co-partnership is the only real alternative to "Labour Socialism" that is open to the Tories, and the managing director of British Waste is "delighted when I see other firms adopting profit-sharing, as I believe England must move in this direction or be swallowed up by nationalisation or Communism." Finally, profit-sharing, as has been noted by Halford Reddish, chairman and managing director of the Rugby Portland Cement Company, "closely identifies the interests of the employees with those of the ordinary shareholders," and there can be no profit-sharing or dividends unless, of course, there are profits.

It need hardly be added that these statements are based on a rather shrewd reading of recent political history. What has been termed "gas and water Socialism" did result from bread and water capitalism, and there can be little doubt that the Welfare principle, in one form or another, has gained wide acceptance. It follows that the survival of free enterprise requires, on the one hand, a softening of the bread crust, and on the other hand, the gradual replacement of the Welfare State by a paternalistic Welfare Capitalism. If, after all, capitalism can provide the status and security that the workers require, the Labour Party may become, in the words of one company director, "merely an agitator's paradise run by intellectuals," and the State may revert to its former role of night-watchman.

Indeed, profit-sharing and co-partnership are steps on the only road back for both Tories and business. And from the Left it may not be sufficient to argue, somewhat vulgarly, that Welfare Capitalism is just another and not very effective way to feed the sparrows by feeding the horses. There is evidence that the trade unions are

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susceptible to an "enlightenment" that reaches down to the factory floor and pay packet, in contrast with state aid which is usually remote and indirect. Moreover, business can mobilise vast resources for "enlightenment" should the approach pay. Shareholders may object, but the managers, who increasingly control industry, have almost everything to gain and nothing to lose from extended profit-sharing. In managerial circles, at any rate, there is a developing willingness to believe that, in the words of the late Professor Whitehead, "a great society is one in which businessmen think greatly of their functions." But can it be a good society?

JOHN CATES

The Clyde Piers

If the English would like to know why so many Scots want a measure of self-government for their country, they should study the facts of the present Clyde piers controversy. They may then understand the feelings of rage and frustration which sometimes grip the Scots as they find themselves the victims of what is, at best, southern thoughtlessness. For the flimsiest of financial reasons, and despite the intense opposition of M.P.s of all parties, local authorities, and practically the whole of articulate Scottish opinion, British Railways will next Monday (Jan. 7) withdraw their winter steamer service from three Clyde piers, Kirn, Strone, Kilmun, and possibly a fourth, Hunter's Quay. Yet these are piers which in 1950 (the figure is reckoned to be higher for 1951) carried more than 193,000 passengers, most of them summer holidaymakers taking advantage of one of the most glorious strips of water in the British Isles. Incredible as it may seem, British Railways actually intended to withdraw their steamer services permanently from these communities. It was only at an extraordinary four-hour meeting in Glasgow last week (which the Minister of Transport was forced to attend by pressure of public opinion) that a concession was granted for next summer.

This might appear to be a handsome retreat, especially as the communities involved will still be able to use piers several miles away, at Dunoon and Blairmore. But the concession is superficial; the bitter lesson of Scottish history for the last 150 years seems to have been lost upon British Railways and their strange advisors, the Scottish Transport Users' Consultative Committee. They have forgotten that communities are living organisms; that to close down a pier is to attack a nerve end; that the circulation cannot fail to be affected ultimately, and that depopulation, the wasting disease of the Highlands, almost inevitably sets in. This is not a romantic figure of speech. It is an old story repeated often in the very county—Argyll—which will be most affected by this new turn of British Railway policy.

How has this state of affairs come about? The Scots can hardly tell you; they are still amazed and dumbfounded by a decision reached without the slightest consultation with those who will most closely be affected by it. There was no hint, no warning; simply a blunt announcement that because the Clyde steamers were losing an unspecified, but large, sum of money, services would have to be withdrawn from a number of piers. Losing money? Clydesiders could hardly believe their ears. For generations, and until transport was nationalised in 1947, three or four companies ran comprehensive steamer services on the Firth of Clyde. In 1950, according to British Railway figures, the 14 Clyde steamers carried 4 million passengers, and the figure is expected to have gone up in 1951. No lack of public support here. Whatever might be wrong with the financial side of the business, there was no question of its healthy patronage. In such a situation no experienced businessman would think of cutting down his turnover. But this will almost certainly be the effect of British Railways' policy, quite apart from the fact that transport was nationalised in order that social need would come before profit in terms of priority. As soon as the Scots had got their breath back, they began to clamour for facts.

The hullabaloo went on for some time before they got them; as M.P.s have long since discovered in their Parliamentary experience, it is not easy to question a nationalised industry about its finances. But finally some figures were given through the medium of the Scottish Transport Users' Consultative Committee, a body on which, strangely enough, neither Clyde pier interests nor the Scottish Tourist Board are represented. These showed an estimated loss of £150,000 a year on the Clyde steamer services. When Mr. J. S. Maclay, the Minister of Transport, arrived in Glasgow, he gave a few more figures which, he said, he had got from the Transport Commission. The most significant of these was the sum of £324,000 as passenger receipts. As soon as these were got, pencil and paper came out, and little sums were done. It was then that Scottish opinion really became irate—and with justification. For the figures are simply nonsense. As one speaker put it at a protest meeting, they would never have been accepted by any Inspector of Income Tax. The figures on analysis showed the impossible; that the average fare paid by each of the 4 million passengers was 1s. 7d., one penny more than the minimum fare for the shortest passage on the Clyde between Gourock and Dunoon. But as anyone who has experienced the joy of sailing on the Clyde in summer-time knows, thousands, perhaps hundreds of thousands, if not more, travel all round the Firth, through the Kyles of Bute, to the Cumbraes and to the piers on the Ayrshire side of the Clyde. Further, the steamers have dining saloon, tea-rooms, bars and kiosks, all of them well patronised. What about this source of income? And what about the Royal Mail which is also carried? Is it any wonder with all these questions unanswered, in what is after all a public utility, that the insistent demand has gone up for a public inquiry into the operation of the Clyde steamer services?

But apart from investigating these unusual figures, an inquiry is needed for a more serious reason: how will the Clyde, and for that matter Scotland in general, be affected by any scheme of railway rationalisation? There is a disquieting but persistent rumour on Clydeside that some of the famous pleasure steamers are to be moved South. (Incidentally, the official mind now tends to call them ferry-boats, instead of the time-honoured description of pleasure steamers.) Then there is the question of Scottish tourism, already the fifth most important industry in the country, and not nearly working to its fullest potential; it was only after World War II that the Scottish Tourist Board was set up. The Board has already accomplished a great deal, but much more is reasonably expected of it. Any cut in Clyde sailings and excursions, which have a world-wide reputation, would be a heavy blow to Scottish tourism. Judging from the present controversy—and it has been a shock to the Scots—there is no reason to believe that these considerations mean much if anything to British Railways. It is true that they are building seven new ships at a cost of £1 million, but already some of these steamers are being criticised on the grounds that they will have only half the carrying capacity of the present vessels.

Then there is the question of what the Firth of Clyde and its steamer services mean to Glasgow with her million population. In a very real sense the estuary, with its backcloth of lovely Argyllshire hills, "belongs" to Glasgow. Her engineers built the steamers which opened up these waters for summer pleasure. The annual holidays "doon the watter" have long been woven into the fabric of Scottish life. To restrict the use of this summer sanctuary would be a social crime.

Finally, there is the political aspect. Scottish Covenant, after a protracted interlude of stony inactivity, has naturally jumped into the controversy with some verve. This issue of the piers gives full scope to that adroit politician, Dr. John McCormick. It is perhaps not without significance that practically on New Year's Eve, and on a wet and miserable night, Covenant was able to draw 1,500 Glasgow people to a protest meeting, at which one of the principal speakers, interestingly enough, was the chairman of the Dunoon Labour Party. Scottish Covenant was able to give the Labour Government some nasty shocks during its two terms of office. Is it Mr. Churchill's turn next? He might do well to sail down the Clyde as well as the Potomac.

Clydeside. MORRIS LINDEN

Time Piece

I had never rung up the Bank of England before, and it was like using a steamroller to crack a nut, but I was at a loss what else to do. I wanted to send my watch to Switzerland for repair, and the question that bothered me was how to obtain Swiss francs to pay for it. I could think of various illegal ways of completing the transaction. A particular friend, who was going to Switzerland for a holiday, would have acted as my agent; but I felt sure that there must be a recognised commercial channel for such transactions if only I could discover it. I rang up the Bank of England and asked for the Foreign Exchange Department. To a very civil bank clerk I said: "I have a watch, and I want to send it to Switzerland for repair. Can you tell me how I can arrange to pay for it?"

"Yes," he replied, "you will need an Import Licence and, if you ring up the Board of Trade, Import Licence Department, they will give you details." So I rang up the Board of Trade, Import Licence Department, and said: "I have a watch, and I want to send it to Switzerland for repair; I understand that I need an Import Licence."

"Will you hold on, please." Presently another voice said "Yes?" and I repeated "I have a watch, and I want to send it to Switzerland for repair. I understand that I need an Import Licence."

"I hardly think that is necessary," said the voice. "You can send it under the Customs and Excise Pre-Entry Scheme. The Customs people will give you details. I believe they call it the '104 Sales Scheme.'"

So I rang up the Customs and Excise office. A female voice answered the telephone and I said: "I have a watch, and I want to send it to Switzerland for repair. The Board of Trade tells me that I can send it under your 104 Sales Scheme."

"Just a moment," said the voice.

Presently a male voice said "Yes?" and I said: "I have a watch, and I want to send it to Switzerland for repair. The Board of Trade tells me that I can send it under your 104 Sales Scheme."

"Yes," said the voice, "but actually it is our 140 Sales Scheme."

"Can you tell me any more?" I said.

"Well yes. I have the form here, but it is not really intelligible, and I think I had better send you a public notice explaining it."

"Perhaps," I said, "you could put the form and the notice in an envelope and post them."

"You need a special green label as well."

"Perhaps you could send me all three."

"No, I'm afraid I can't do that. You have to get the form from His Majesty's Stationery Office, and the green label can only be obtained from the Customs' Export Officer in — Street, and as a matter of fact I think we have run out of explanatory notices, but I will write to you." I rang off.

Next day I went to the Stationery Office and for 5d purchased two copies of Form 140 (Sales). Each measured 15 inches by 9 inches, and the mass of impossible instructions was so great that I folded them up and went straight to the Customs' Export Officer. A notice on his door said that he only saw people on Mondays and Thursdays from 10 a.m. to 1 p.m. It was Saturday, but the door was open. I turned a blind eye to the notice and walked in.

"How did you get in? We are closed," said the Export Officer.

"That's a pity. I had hoped you might help me with this form."

"Oh, very well. Draw up a chair. You do the writing and I will tell you what to put."

Carefully I wrote as instructed: "(A) Class III, Group E. Clocks and watches, watches complete, wristlet type, one."

"This is a very big form for such a small article," I said.

"Yes," replied the Export Officer, "but it is intended for large pieces of machinery."

"Of course," I said, "you must have a large form for a large machine."

"(B) Group VIII 6 (ii)," dictated the Export Officer.

When the forms were at last completed (naturally in duplicate) I said "What do I do now?"

"You take one of these forms with you, post your watch, send me your copy and then I will send you mine."

"Oh," I said, and went to the Post Office.

The man at the counter called "Enquiries" became quite excited when I showed him my form and the green label on the package. "This is most interesting," he said; "we often tell people to go to the Customs and Excise office, but they never come back. This is the first time we have seen one of these." He called a colleague over to have a look at my form and green label. "They really ought to give us some instructions about this. However, we don't mind signing your form if that is what you want."

I thanked them for their signature and went away. As I ruminated on the procedure which I had patriotically followed, it occurred to me that I still did not know how I was going to pay for my watch. So I rang up the Customs Export Officer and explained my problem to him. "Oh," he said blandly, "this scheme has nothing to do with *paying* for the watch; it merely ensures that you do not have to pay duty and Purchase Tax when the watch comes into the country again."

"Well, what do I do about getting Swiss currency to pay for the repair?"

"I really couldn't tell you, but if I were you I should ring up the Bank of England."

* * *

Some weeks later the postman knocked vigorously on the door. "Two pounds eight and eight pence to pay . . . Cash on delivery. Package from Switzerland," he said. I paid gladly. I am still wondering whether the Bank of England knows what the postmen of England are doing.

PETER C. MCINTOSH

The Arts and Entertainment

FRANCIS BACON

It has always been Francis Bacon's very considerable reputation—not his work—which has puzzled me. Now, having thought a good deal about his six new paintings at the Hanover Gallery, I think that I begin to see the matter a little more clearly.

Three of these paintings are of a Pope (Innocent X from the Velasquez portrait) sitting on his throne, inside a glass case in a black box-like room. (In two of them the features of the Pope's face "dissolve" into a scream.) The fourth painting is a portrait of Mr. Lucien Freud—also in a glass case and box; the fifth is of a paleolithic man doubled up in front of a grey curtain, and the sixth—smaller than the other large ones—is of a human doing something to an ape in the zoo.

The really impressive thing about these pictures is that they *exist*. Nor is that such a stupid statement as it sounds. Many contemporary paintings are fragmentary and inconclusive so that, like overheard conversations, their power depends on their context. They barely exist in their own right. These paintings by Bacon do exist in their own right, and indeed have a uniquely convincing presence which their startling, unlikely subject matter somehow makes even more convincing. One watches them, hypnotised as an agnostic might be hypnotised by some ectoplasmic manifestation at a séance—and, in fact, the way that the greyish figures materialise out of the dark, detailed in some places and almost lost in others, is reminiscent of such an affair.

Yet the reasons for the power of their presence are, when combined, the very reasons why in my opinion Bacon is a very remarkable but not finally important painter—why he is really outside the main tradition. These paintings are haunting because Bacon is a brilliant stage manager, rather than an original visual artist; and because their emotion is concentratedly and desperately private.

I say that Bacon is a brilliant stage manager rather than an original artist because there is no evidence in his work of any visual discovery, but only of imaginative and skilful arrangement. The objects in his pictures are chosen for the meaning they already have and this meaning is then given a twist by their odd juxtaposition. No new meaning is added in the actual process of painting them. Looking at the painting of the Pope one is not made aware, in some newly vivid way, of the construction of the human head or of the possible vibration of two colours; instead, one is fascinated by a particular dramatic focus; one's eye travels across open areas of black paint on unprimed canvas and is then held by an intensely staring head, painted with grey paint mixed with sand so that it has the acrid quality of cigarette ash. One notices the folds in the curtains and robe, not because they really qualify the form underneath, but because their shadows are startlingly and sometimes fearfully suggestive. All this, however, is necessary if the paintings are to exercise their immediate hypnotic power. If, for example, the edges of the glass case emphasised too originally the space they contained, one would forget the usual associations of glass cases and the spell would be broken.

Everything then depends upon the content of the pictures and, since most of them are horrific, on the meaning of horror, disgust and loneliness. Here it is impossible to be dogmatic, but for myself I believe that Bacon's interpretation of such suffering and disintegration is too egocentric, that he describes horror with connivance—that his descriptions lack not only the huge perspective of compassion but even the smaller perspective of indignation. I feel myself that the Pope screams

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not because of the state of his conscience or the state of the world but, puppet-like, simply because he has been put into Bacon's glass case. And again, if this is true, it explains the hypnotic power of the paintings. The spectator watches as at the Grand Guignol, fascinated because, in a sense, made cosy—the horror is stimulating because it is remote, because it belongs to a life removed from the normal world.

If Bacon's paintings began to deal with any of the real tragedy of our time, they would shriek less, they would be less jealous of their horror, and they would never hypnotise us, because we, with all conscience stirred, would be too much involved to afford that luxury.

JOHN BERGER

THE DREAM

THE large apron stage which is now the proud possession of the Old Vic, presents difficult problems when it comes to staging *A Midsummer Night's Dream*. And it is, I think, the failure to face this problem which is largely responsible for the comparative failure of the present production. Mr. Guthrie and his designer, Miss Tanya Moiseiwitsch, have only sidestepped the issues—with a romantic, though not very successful vistary backcloth, a frame of canework at the proscenium arch, fairy attendants whisking Titania's bower on and off, and gentlemen attendants shoving in and buckling together a colonnade to represent the Palace. Had this decor been more enchanted, the result would have been more pleasing; but in any case the design was better adapted, surely, to the ordinary picture-frame stage. Whatever we are supposed to gain from the big apron was not in evidence: what we lost was illusion, and *The Dream*, without illusion, is nothing. The curious result was to make the least interesting part—the mortal lovers—stand right out.

This makes for an excellent middle act. The production and playing of the quarrel between the four lovers was delightful. I have never seen so much humour and fun extracted from this scene. Extracted, let it be noted: for Miss Irene Worth's very amusing and stylish performance springs from an imaginative reading of the lines, and out of the situation itself developed to its height. That is how it should be; and Mr. Guthrie gave us a neat object lesson by displaying the opposite and wrong method in his treatment of the rustics' play at the end. There, instead of bringing out from the inside all that can legitimately be brought out, he puts in, instead, a whole lot from the outside. The old, whitehaired man playing Moon is perched on a ladder and keeps tumbling off all over the courtiers. Well, it amuses the children.

In this scene the busyness which defaces the first act reached appalling proportions. The grouped courtiers cannot sit still for a minute: every thirty seconds they pick up their stools and chatteringly rearrange themselves, until it positively gave me the terracernimbles. I sympathise with the producer's difficulties. It is a tasteless scene at the best of times, and we have had more than enough of the rustics by this time, I always feel. (And this particular collection, by the way, were dreadfully slow in the early scenes.) Shakespeare's heavier humour easily palls; additional buffoonery only emphasises the fact. It is certainly time that some new convention were found for dealing with the clowns.

Miss Irene Worth was well supported by Miss Jane Wenham, Mr. Robert Shaw and Mr. Douglas Wilmer, though Mr. Wilmer is in danger of seeking too easy laughs. All the company speak well, but particularly Miss Jill Balcon, the Titania. Puck and the Fairies are all played by boys—a proper notion though, in this instance, it did not quite come off.

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RADIO NOTES

CHRISTMAS and other feast days, it must be admitted, are hollow times for radio listening. Even the printed programmes in the *Radio Times* are so garnished with seasonal emblems that they produce fretfulness, if not vertigo, when used for the simple purpose of reference. It is not for want of good intentions. Planners and technicians go about their mysteries with marvellous skill, giving us not only a Christmas morning tour of Britain, but a journey round the globe directly after lunch. But though our admiration is stirred, we do not feel the better for it, nor for any of the typical offerings of the festive session. In the feverish, self-conscious, conciliatory atmosphere, freshness wilts; genius expires. Anyone who wants to flee from the debris of paper hats and lemonade, from the faces of cousins or the sound of bells, from solitude itself, will find the radio no refuge.

But of course I am unjust. Some green places were to be found on these arid days, without going any farther than the Home Service. There was John Betjeman, to whom we could listen on any subject, speaking this time about one of the most awful of our national rituals, the Children's Party. This talk, so kind, so understanding, so brilliantly macabre, was delivered with the confiding, truthful air that is a particular quality of this speaker, and made us accept without question the paradoxical rightness of the conclusion (addressed to hostesses) that the children *do* enjoy it—*really* they do. There was Stephen Potter's *Keys of Music*, a journey through his own musical experience, enlivened, as we might expect, by the unexpected instance, and by a restless, casual, brittle and stimulating commentary on the records. And three of Gordon Craig's superb talks were repeated—distributed rather waywardly between the Home and Third. It is not only the rare material but the manner that makes each new hearing a pleasure. The air of inspired impromptu, the very asides—*Hm? You see?*—these lose nothing of their original shock. It is such speakers who remind us that the broadcast talk is a *genre* of its own; the written word is no substitute; the stage has no equivalent.

"*Mr. Crawley is innocent! I gave him that cheque.*" Well, we knew it all along; we had, indeed, the book on our shelves, but waited for each instalment nevertheless. And I for one, though not a Trollopeian and not a serial-fan, must own that I am sorry that Mr. Crawley's troubles are at an end. Why? The answer, I think, has more to do with dialogue and characterisation than plot. We listen to Trollope dramatised (as to Jane Austen) because the words are already there. But dialogue of this kind, which rises naturally in an age of conversation, hardly exists in the novel of our own time. I cannot think of one that would stand up to this kind of radio treatment.

What else? I enjoyed *This is the Law: Sundays*, one of those spirited pieces of law-without-tears which Jenifer Wayne presents so well. This little Morality about a charity concert was written, produced and acted with a style and point that made it one of the liveliest half hours of the week. *A Letter to Posterity*, a new and promising-sounding Sunday evening series (Home, 9.15), began very oddly with a lament for the stately incomes of England, by none other than Lord Beveridge. But there are some interesting names to come; next week Dr. Bronowski; later, Joyce Cary. Sunday night—and the radio week—concluded happily with *Twelve by the Mail*, a dramatised fairy tale out of Andersen by Francis Dillon, with music by Francis Collinson. Francis Dillon, who is both writer and producer, is evidently of the school of Browning, who observed in a letter that "all good stories, fairy or otherwise, are *meant* for grown-up men, and children only like them in their childish degree. Children should know their place and look between our knees at such work—not make us look over their heads through the half-opened door, as if stealing a fearful joy." The Dillon radio fairy tale, of which this is the latest example, has point as well as charm for adult listeners, while keeping almost always clear of pantomime vulgarisations. Of the twelve months in this "masque" I recall particularly June (Margaret Rawlings), a young lady wearing nothing but roses, and the rich August of Marjorie Westbury—one more instance of the quality of this wonderfully versatile actress.

NAOMI LEWIS

THE MOVIES

"La Citta' Si Difende," at the New Gallery
"Ore 9: Lezione Di Chimica," at Studio One

The post, which regularly jams my letter-box with dope-sheets from indiscriminate film companies, has also during the past four years brought me *Sequence*. Its fourteenth and last number arrived on Monday. It makes a good exit. There's the well-chosen bit of friskiness on the cover; the cartoonist soon gets to work, this time on funeral processions; John Huston gives an intimate account of Flaherty; two gems of "This Filmland" are matched by a double page illustrating English and American sex attitudes; Lindsay Anderson comes at last to his personal encounter (worth waiting for) with Ford; excerpts from the script of Huston's *The African Queen*, soon to be shown here, provide a fascinating scoop; and Bunuel, Ophuls, and Milestone are made the objects of lengthy scrutiny: in fact, *Sequence* 14, like its predecessors, tickles and satisfies the appetite for a lively, young intelligent stir in film criticism. With its departure, the stir will of course go on. Wherever Mr. Anderson may hang his beret, there passion, sardonic battle, encyclopædic interest will thrive. His adherents must be many. A circulation of 4,000—the figure is mentioned in this last number—represents a good deal in active partisanship, and there can hardly be a repertory cinema or film club in the country that has not come under the *Sequence* influence. Film critics who had settled to a lifelong slumber in the lap of an

idiot public, have become aware of faint flickers and uneasy twitchings; the film industry itself has been touched to rebut the idea of better films. Both the enthusiasm and the opposing thickets seem enormous. No such movement or magazine, for example, in England, devotes itself to music, painting, literature, or the stage; and to characterise the impact of *Sequence* it would be necessary to invoke the early Leavis, the collector of gramophone records, and some more horsey individual who could tell you the winners of the Derby backwards. Its success or failure depended on how high-hat it could become without a swelled head, how far expertness could be matched with readability. On the whole the balance was achieved remarkably: no intelligent person, I believe, receiving a copy of *Sequence* out of the blue, could have failed to find it stimulating. The outrageousness of the attempt is summed up by the editor thus:

> There are more reasons than one for the extinction of this magazine, but one suffices . . . with prices of paper, printing, postage, block-making, at present-day level, and continuing to rise, it is economically impossible to produce an uncompromisingly specialist and an uncompromisingly independent periodical for a readership as limited as this. We've tried; it can't be done. The circulation of *Sequence* has risen, in its fourteen numbers, from six hundred to four thousand; which is not bad. None of its editors or contributors has ever been paid for doing anything. But the gap between expenditure and income has increased almost with the circulation, and so has the effort required to achieve commensurately rising standards of material and production. *Basta.*

To Messrs. Anderson and Lambert and their colleagues, then, our thanks for having accomplished the impossible so long. Four years after all, with such a venture, is an elephant's life. And for consolation we still have what might be called the nationalised *Sequence*, a now doubly indispensable *Sight and Sound*.

Two Italian films make their appearance in London this week to disappoint the search for good fare. The better of the two, *La Citta' Si Difende*—a well visualised but clichéd gangster film—inaugurates at the New Gallery a new policy of continental films at low prices. May I wish this infringement of Oxford Street into Regent Street every success, while hoping that its definition of the best continental films will not include too many that could have been better made in America? In the New Gallery programme, but not shown at the press view, is also Arne Sucksdorff's *Summer Interlude*, a film of a very different calibre, which I hope to notice next week. *Ore 9: Lezione Di Chimica* is a glamour piece about schoolgirls in love with the stinks master, as hackneyed as the gangster stuff and not half as handsome.

WILLIAM WHITEBAIT

"Peter Pan," at the Scala

What a highly ingenious play *Peter Pan* is; it crams in all the properties from the child's—or at least the Edwardian child's—fantasy world: flying fairies, pirates, Red Indians, little houses, escape from the family and a safe return. (Whether or not these make the same appeal to children of the present day, I cannot tell.) And what wonderful opportunities it would offer, with its changing scenes and stage effects for our modern "producers' theatre," if only they could get their hands on it. But they can't, it seems. It's much the same with *Peter Pan* as it was with the Gilbert and Sullivan operas. The copyright is held tight, and so long as that is so, it will go on being produced in the traditional way year after year. The result is a poor, weary, tired skeleton of what was once a good production, staggering through over-familiar routines, so bored with itself that it hardly bothers, half the time, to communicate with the audience at all. One aspect of the old tradition was to work up excitement each year about the actress chosen to play the name part. This no longer causes any stir, and no longer makes any essential difference. As it happens, this year's choice, Miss Joan Greenwood, is a particularly happy one. Her husky voice and lithe attractiveness fit the part in themselves; but she brings to it as well a real feeling for its magic. Mr. George Curzon, in the traditional double of Captain Hook with Mr. Darling was equally agreeable as either: An exultant set of children were professionally led by Mr. Iain Scott. But how I wished all the time that they were in a production of, say, Peter Brook's or Tyrone Guthrie's with decor by Oliver Messel or James Bailey. Something like that will happen one day, and then we shall have a revival of the play indeed instead of the present annual resurrection.

T. C. W.

"Puss in Red Riding Breeches," at the Watergate

To this miniature burlesque of the synthetic, all-star pantomime of commerce, Mr. Julian More contributes a deftly atrocious book in agonisingly rhymed couplets; there are some gay, sentimental and appropriately derivative numbers by Mr. Geoffrey Beaumont; and in Eric Berry there is a Dame (both of Panto and the British Empire) whose luscious ripeness is a delight to eye and ear. Gabrielle Brune, with the aid of a four-footed companion who wore feline motley with endearing resignation, is the Absolute in Principal Boymanship ranging from Courtneidgery to the Cowardesque. Estelle Brody (a "Putty Tat" fairy godmother) and Dennis Wood ("Prince Bigger" the impresario), with the useful co-operation of three "close harmony" Ugly Sisters and two dead-pan A.A. men, contrive to manage dexterously the translation from typist to Palace Theatre Principal Girl of Pusilla Dycke-Whittington, attractively played by Pamela Trevers. My only regret is that we did not see more of her triumph in that great Palace production, the *Rape of Cinderella*, translated by Tennessee Williams from an adaptation by Cocteau of Sartre's version of Anouilh's (as yet unstaged) play. One scene, in which—symbolically—Cinderella's dress got all lucreased, was hardly enough to demonstrate convincingly how good pantomime might become if "Prince Bigger" engaged the proper people to write and produce it for the Littler ones.

A. V.

Dennis Creffield, Clifford Holden, Dorothy Mead, Peter Richmond, at the Parsons Gallery, Grosvenor Street

These four painters, all of whom have worked with David Bomberg, paint in a similar style. This style is a rough one in so far as the brush marks are violent, the texture of the paint unconsidered and the total effect (emphasised by thick lines and dark tones) one of determined passion. Roughness, however, is not the same thing as vigour. Vigour presupposes a firm intention and an intention implies in one way or another, a sense of precision. In a few of these paintings and in parts of some of the others, one discovers this underlying precision; the result is then exciting because one feels that the "quickness" of the paint corresponds to the "quickness" of the live subject—the nude, the street scene, the sunset; one sees that the swift simplification of a form is a widening of its appearance: a widening not in terms of inches but in terms of seconds: a widening which allows for and includes potential movement and development. When this precision is lacking the paintings disintegrate and become pretentious and meaningless. There are many things I do not like about these works—the disregard for the texture of the paint so that, wherever you stand to look at a picture, ugly strands of it catch the light and shine: the often dirty colour, the lack of tonal contrast, the haphazard areas of evasive mist and muckiness. Yet despite all this I believe these painters to be promising. Behind their work, which is free of literary and philosophical mannerisms, there is a sense of visual investigation.

J. B.

"The Merchant of Yonkers," at the Embassy

The audience and (one may add) a number of professional critics might have been less puzzled by this play, and have derived more enjoyment from it, if the programme had not omitted the information that what we were seeing was, in fact, *Einen Jux will er sich machen* ("His Little Spree") written by Johann Nestroy about a century ago and transplanted by Mr. Thornton Wilder into the Manhattan of 1880. In its own setting, this distinctively Austrian farcical comedy, with its *Lustigkeit* and its sentimentally moralising soliloquies, might have been revived effectively as a period piece. Old Moneybags in search of a wife, the match-making widow, the little milliner, the gawky apprentices out for a romantic adventure—these were perhaps stock figures, but the situations were well contrived and the humour had something of a Restoration flavour. Unfortunately, in its transportation across the Atlantic, the piece loses not merely the plausibility, but most of the grace of the original. *Leichtigkeit* becomes tedious whimsy and Viennese drollery the knock-about of the Marx Brothers. I had no clear impression that the producer, André Van Gyseghem, knew what it was all about; but, in the roles of the merchant, the match-maker and a faded friend of the family, Raymond Lovell, Sophia Stewart and Henrietta Watson kept admirably in key, and Jessie Evans did all she could with the Americanised milliner. Despite all handicaps, some wit, some fun survived.

A. V.

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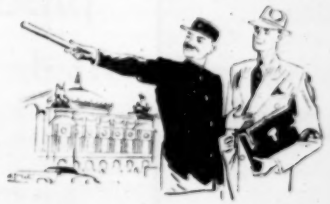

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Correspondence

MARKET GARDENS

SIR,—I would like to thank your correspondents for their excellent letters on my article, and I congratulate myself on having produced such a constructive discussion on a subject which is usually shrouded in prejudice.

Mr. Gardener's letter was all sweet reasonableness and, if I may say so, of a rather different tone from the general run of N.F.U. propaganda on this matter. No doubt, this was a compliment to your readership. While Mr. Gardener is feeling so reasonable, may I ask him just what, in the N.F.U.'s opinion, constitutes "the proper regulation of imports" and the "appropriate" adjustment of duties? It may be that the N.F.U.'s proposals will prove to be equitable and sensible, but past experience makes the consumer cautious. Why are the proposals not published so that the public can take a look at them? A good and reasonable case need not be hidden.

Mr. Gardener argues the merits of high specific duties against *ad valorem* ones, but does not mention their great defect from the consumer's point of view. As soon as there is partial or total crop failure here, owing to the weather, a high specific duty becomes a scarcity tax. Assuming for a moment that some form of protection is necessary, surely the consumer should be safeguarded by the stipulation that the tariff should not operate when yield falls below a given level for each crop, the yield to be assessed shortly before the crop is harvested? In this way the consumer would be spared high famine prices and the grower would be given protection in time of glut.

Both Mr. Foottit and Mr. Gardener stress the shortage of foreign exchange and suggest we may not always have enough to buy imported supplies. But we must beware of getting into a vicious circle. One of the best ways of making foreign exchange scarce is to prevent our customers overseas from selling us produce (mainly food), which they can supply cheaply, and so acquiring sterling to buy our exports. This country must export to live; high tariffs invite retaliation and in our circumstances such trade barriers do us far more harm than good. Our chance of survival and standard of living both depend on our trading volume. Imports and exports are inter-dependent.

Mr. Foottit misunderstood my division of market gardening into crop groups. I am aware that mixed holdings of all groups of crops are in the majority (although holdings specialising in one group often seem to be the most prosperous). My purpose was to show that the mass imposition of high tariffs over the whole range of crops would lead to anomalies and penalise the consumer. I still maintain that high tariffs on what Mr. Foottit classifies as essentially "farm" crops (vegetables and salads) are both unwarranted and undesirable.

Mr. Condon points out that horticultural crops do not benefit from the guaranteed markets and prices enjoyed by some agricultural crops and that they are not subsidised in any way (except, I would point out, through fertilizer subsidies and grants in aid of land improvement schemes). On the other hand, prices are free to rise and have risen substantially, as the Ministry of Agriculture indices show. Cabbage, for example, rose in 1950 to four times its 1936-9 price; cucumbers almost as much. These increases are greater than those for agricultural crops guaranteed under the 1947 Act.

Mr. Condon is quite wrong when he attributes the fall in vegetable acreages this year to imports. As I pointed out in my article, imports of vegetables are less than 1 per cent. of home production and have no effect whatever on vegetable acreage. The acreage of outdoor vegetables planted in any season is determined by the prices, and profits, of the previous season. Acreages in this group always fluctuate widely; price falls and rises are followed closely by the acreage figures of the succeeding year. I will be bold enough to predict a substantial rise in vegetable acreage in the next autumn returns. The reason why some orchards have become derelict "for the first time since 1939" is that the public now have a wider choice of foods, particularly of citrus fruits, than they had during the war and immediately following it. Many "marginal" orchards, producing indifferent quality apples and the like, now no longer pay for cultivation—a fact incidentally which will no doubt please many of Mr. Condon's editorial board members who are backing an Apple and Pear Marketing Board to keep, *inter alia*, substandard produce off the market.

Mr. Winser was the only contributor to get down to the root of the matter—marketing. I deplore, with him, the failure of the last Labour Government to get down to the problem. The Import Duties Advisory Committee of 1931/2, which recommended the existing duties, made it a condition that the marketing problem must be tackled. Virtually nothing has been done in this direction after twenty years of tariffs. If, when distribution has been streamlined and its waste and costliness reduced, it is still not possible for home growers to make a go of their industry, then let us talk about protection. Of course this is a more difficult job than doubling tariffs, but then the easy way is rarely the right way.

Tariff increases will do nothing to help the overwhelming bulk of home growers, indeed will harm most of them. The persistent campaign of the N.F.U. for higher tariffs has created in the minds of growers an almost religious belief in their efficacy; if the demand is conceded, there will be a quite unjustified rise in acreage of annual crops which will, as in the past few years, hopelessly clog our chaotic marketing machine and cause widespread distress amongst the smaller producers. The more prosperous sections of the industry may temporarily benefit from the increased tariffs, but the benefit will be short-lived as high monopoly prices attract new entrants, seeking a profit which still eludes them as the housewife decides she cannot afford such costly foods.

In other words, in a year or so we shall be back where we started, with a slightly impoverished diet the marketing problem slightly worse, and, I suppose, renewed demands for even further protection.

House of Commons, S.W.1. BARBARA CASTLE

LET'S FACE THE FUTURE

SIR,—Of course Mr. Gaitskell never disclosed the disagreeableness of the choice between rearmament and living standards. He apparently managed to conceal its extent even from himself. The *Economic Survey*, which Mr. Jay cites as evidence to the contrary, held that we could in 1951 balance our international payments (except for expenditure of £100 million in stockpiling), and achieve the year's arms programme, at the cost of a fall of one-half of one per cent. in personal consumption. As everyone now knows, the *Survey* was over-optimistic on almost every point, and even the passage quoted by Mr. Jay gravely understated the problems of 1951.

By asserting the former Chancellor's awareness of the dilemma, Mr. Jay, no doubt unintentionally, does him a disservice. For he convicts his former chief of failing to use rationing to reduce living standards all round to the necessary extent, and therefore of relying tacitly (and ineffectually) on high prices to make the year's objectives attainable—what Labour Ministers used to call "rationing by the purse."

There are further important consequences of Mr. Jay's unfortunate letter, for if the Labour ex-Ministers fully acknowledge that there is a disagreeable choice, they deprive themselves of the ability to oppose the scale of Conservative retrenchment in 1952. DUDLEY SEERS

Boarstall Keep, Nr. Brill.

LABOUR YOUTH

SIR,—Morgan Phillips' recent announcement of the arrangements for the League of Youth Conference will meet with little approval within the League itself.

The choice of place and date disregards both the experience of the previous Filey Rally and the wishes of the League National Consultative Committee. Filey is too large to fill with League of Youth members alone. But it would have been better to choose a smaller camp rather than filling the empty space with adult members of the Party. A holiday week is

no time to stage a serious conference. Or are the delegates listed among the amusements?

The League Conference is to be held during the week of the Rally. No delegate will be able to attend unless he can obtain a week's holiday in one of the more popular holiday months, and this will be most difficult for many League members. League delegates must also raise between eight and nine pounds to cover expenses for accommodation and pooled fares excluding extras. Almost double the previous figure. This amount exceeds the annual income of many branches. Constituency parties will not readily subsidise a delegate's "week's holiday" when the cost is more than that of their own delegate's Party. Conference expenses.

Many Leagues will fail to send delegates because they cannot raise the cash. More will only be able to send second-raters because the obvious choice cannot obtain the week's holiday. In other words the present arrangements will result in the Conference being an almighty flop.

This would be a tragedy because the decision to allow discussion on youth problems for the first time since the war could make the conference a most valuable contribution to the development of the movement.

It is not too late to change the present disastrous arrangements that can only heighten the growing discontent with Transport House's ham-handed conduct of League affairs.

If the National Executive have the interest of the League at heart they will reconsider this question at their next meeting. H. KENDALL.

35, Merton Hall Gardens, Wimbledon, S.W.20.

INDIAN ELECTIONS

SIR,—Your article on the Indian Elections has started a most interesting controversy and has already invited comments from the Communist and Gandhian points of view. May I, as one associated with the Indian Socialist Movement for some time now, be allowed to add a few words to this discussion?

Mr. R. Palme Dutt obviously is annoyed at your references to the Communist Party of India. Many will see in his letter an impatience of criticism of a Party whose policies Mr. Dutt has many times inspired. In trying to correct some of the "inaccuracies" in your article, Mr. Dutt himself makes some glaring misstatements. His implication that the Indian Communist Party has thought out a policy applicable to Indian conditions, independent of the Moscow-Peking line, will come as a surprise to those who have given even cursory attention to the Indian political scene during the last few years. Professions apart, the Indian Communist Party has kow-towed so slavishly to the Moscow line that it has lost almost all its mass support. Mr. Ranadive, the now-expelled General Secretary of the Party, in his anxiety to toe the "Marx-Engels-Lenin-Stalin" line, at one time denounced Mao Tse-tung's formulations as "horrible and reactionary" and carried the whole Party with him. But when this line failed, the Communist Party came to realise the "revolutionary role" of the Chinese Communists, and have now veered round to the other extreme of taking the Chinese example as a model for India!

Mr. Dutt takes exception to your reference to the revolutionary agrarian programme of the Indian Socialist Party, and ascribes the present peasant awakening to the Communist Party rather than to the Socialist Party of India. He forgets that until India achieved her independence the Indian Socialist Party was an inseparable part of the Anti-Imperialist struggle and, as the Left Wing of the Congress, organised the peasants and the workers for mass action. They did not then, in significant contrast to the Communist Party, brand the whole Indian National Congress as "bourgeois" and "reactionary"! The model for Communist agrarian action is the Telangana "struggle" which has most accurately been described by your article as a failure. In the name of the "peasants' struggle," the Communist Party embarked on a programme of arson, looting and individual terrorism. Mr. Dutt can hardly bring to his aid Archanga Vinoba Bhavé, who has amply condemned the methods of the Communist Party while sympathising—as every progressive does—with the basic urge of the peasantry for freedom from the shackles of feudalism and exploitation.

The truth is that the Communist Party, being too closely tied to Moscow, has forfeited completely the confidence of the Indian people. Only the Socialist Party is doing some basic social thinking and working out a policy that will make sense in mid-twentieth-century India. In doing so, it has drawn liberally from all sources that are helpful. Following Marx, it has worked out a policy of radical social change. It has accepted the moral content of Gandhism, without accepting its belief in class-collaboration (the latter point Mr. Wilfred Wellock leaves out in his letter last week). In this new synthesis it asks for the support of all right-thinking people everywhere.

63 Kingshall Road, ANAND PRAKASH
Beckenham, Kent.

SOIL AND SOCIALISM

SIR,—The intervention of Mr. Massingham in the "Soil and Socialism" correspondence should act as some warning to those of the political Left. If he be correct, this modern age will find a solution to its difficulties in once again solidifying the position of the peasant as the basis of all society. Let us not be too pedantic with regard to peasants and peasantry; at his best the peasant is a rural worker, at his worst he is one who but wins a subsistence from the soil irrespective of any rights or needs of others to the soil and its productions. There is no historical reason to support the assumption that any distinct group has in the past done anything of an organised or deliberate character in an endeavour to maintain a biological balance in the soil.

Surely the time has arrived when the Socialist Party in this country should take to itself the responsibility of formulating and ultimately putting into practice a Socialist policy for land usage. A Conservative Party could build a protective wall around a newly established and relatively strong peasantry, but only to the detriment of the greater masses of the population, whatever form of activity that mass may be engaged in. The theory of "Blood and Soil" so far developed in Germany previous to 1944 and never sufficiently refuted by our representatives in 1945/46 was fully in line with this, and in so far as it had gone was not proving in any way capable of "soil conservation and fertility increment" or even the more immediate and basic need of food production.

To deny that peasantry is an outmoded form of society would be to refuse to face the existence of populations far transcending anything capable of co-ordination with such a form. It would be to deny the right of the rural vista to those whose lives are inevitably lived within an urban environment. Even now the pastoral life is past and maybe we should align our future plans to accept the inevitable passing of the rustic scene. Even if this should be so, that does not imply that we cannot maintain a healthy living soil, indeed it will probably be found that it will be the only way out, certainly the only Socialist way. GEORGE R. SARGEANT

123 Wedlands, Taunton.

WAMERU EVICTIONS

SIR,—If Mrs. Rolene Szur will re-read my letter of December 15, she will observe that it "claims" and "defends" nothing, but merely records what was said to Fabian Colonial Bureau representatives in the Colonial Office when we had expressed anxiety long before any Africans were moved.

Fabian Colonial Bureau, MARJORIE NICHOLSON
11 Dartmouth Street,
London, S.W.1.

THE INDEX

SIR,—Your reviewer, in her otherwise amiable notice of my book, *In Your Garden*, remarks that everyone would have blessed me if only I had added an index. If she has not already disposed of her review copy, may I suggest that she should take another look into it, when she will (or should) discover four pages of clear, alphabetical index.

May I suggest also, on behalf of all authors, not only myself, that it is extremely unfair of reviewers to make such inaccurate statements of fact as apart from opinion. V. SACKVILLE-WEST

Sissinghurst Castle, Kent.

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Books in General

THE big bright label "Edwardian" carries so little meaning when attached to the arts, that its use is practically restricted to artists who have failed to outshine their period. Was it, æsthetically considered, a period at all? Who were its giants? Elgar, of course. He comes to mind almost as inevitably as picture hats and early motor cars. Summer (it was always summer then), vest slips and soldierly moustaches, tea on the lawn, the romance of the smooth-stayed figure, choirs over the counties, lingering hand-clasps, boating and brass bands and the slanting chapel light and deep plush—yards and yards of plush, hours and hours of platitude: yes, in Elgar this briefest, and in many ways happiest, of periods does seem to have found its old master. He is at home. He transcends, a little heavily; so far as the artist and the English gentleman can meet, they are reconciled in him. Others were too busy coming and going, hurrying through, to feel more than a traveller's attachment: Shaw, a Victorian, larking along the apparently endless road of reform, Wells whistling to high heaven in a suburb, Hardy discovering in old age the poetic springs of his youth. In these great careers—with Henry James as the rare exception—Edwardianism was no more than a few billowy afternoons. The endemic writers of the period—if it was a period—are little, and the less they venture outside their small principality, the more inveigling perhaps we shall find them. In it, rather than in them, would lie the interest. That raciness, for example, which appeals hardly at all to the great but so much surely it must have had its exponents. Must we go on forever anticipating gaiety and getting Galsworthy?

Some quiet revival has been undertaken lately among Edwardian novelists; and with two wars separating reader from writers, the idyll, the escape, should be ripe. Well, what was it all like? Possibly these, the novels still in basements or on our parents' shelves, aren't quite the ones to tell us; but their very datedness may let things slip. Such charm, humour, or insight as the novelist may possess will be abetted by his subservience to fashion. He (or she) will amuse, and our amusement will be double-edged. For those who can relish thus taking advantage of a not too remote past (after all, I rode a rocking-horse in it myself), I would recommend the novels of Ada Leverson,* who comes to us with quite a reflected glory. She occupied the position of dramatic critic to the *Saturday Review* between Shaw and Beerbohm, and Wilde gave her his Oscar as "the wittiest woman in the world." (But does one detect here a hidden barb?) She is not so, let me add, in her novels. But readable and amusing both ways she certainly is. Her recipe for a novel is simple: take three or four couples just married or on the way, their elders, a precocious child or two, an Earl, mix nicely, sprinkle with money, and turn not too vigorously till done. Endings should be happy, plots slight: conversation will be the thing. This must never wander very far off the polite or sentimental interest, and men must be absorbed in marrying off their friends:

"What Woodville *needs*," said Chetwoode, lighting another cigarette, "is, of course, less of you and Sir James, and a great deal more of Sylvia; and he can't very well marry her while he's her father's secretary. Though—by Jove! —I don't see why not!"

"What rot!" said Savile.

"Yes, you're right, Savile. It's true Sir James wouldn't give him a minute's time for anything. Well, you want me to get him something to do then?"

"Now look here, Chetwoode, don't play the fool about this. Here's a chap considered a brilliant man at Oxford; in every way a thoroughly good sort and a gentleman, who, if it weren't for circumstances, would have been called a good match."

"If it weren't for circumstances, anybody would be called a good match," said Chetwoode casually.

Do you get the flavour? What is even more important than the delayed touch of wit is the upholstery of the speakers, which is also the writer's own. She has insinuated us into the right circles, and there is no question, once there, of our misbehaving ourselves. The style, never wounding, will ensure that. Without undue flattery here is society as it would like to be seen and read about: sooner or later, in all these chronicles, comes the chapter of the Party when they all turn up and the conversational rivulets flow into their sea. What a strain for the reader to go on pretending, as the names are introduced, that everybody is thrillingly somebody! On such occasions the comedy of manners has almost lost touch with satire, and is not yet within harking distance of fun and games.

The Thin Tradition, with the West End stage and *Punch* never far off, seems far more in tune with A. A. Milne than with Oscar Wilde. Except that the characters, like the rooms, make an elaborate first appearance as though every detail were likely to prove significant, Mrs. Leverson elegantly enough conforms to the genre. The butler drops aitches on the first page of *The Twelfth Hour*, with a pleasing reassurance quite unlike the anguished contortions of genius which Henry James would have brought to such a circumstance; foreigners, unless titled or bankers, are instantly despised, and one's not sure the author doesn't agree with her characters; a schoolboy falls in love with Madame Patti; "splendid matches" contrast stunningly with the new serial in the *Daily Mail*; there are domestics who know their place; dandies also know theirs; iron steeds snuffle along the Oxford and Brighton roads; the squalors of Mayfair in which a young couple may find themselves bogged before coming into the family estate, yield place in a later novel to an unspeakable white-painted flat, which really makes us feel that democracy's day is near . . . and throughout one is never quite sure where the author, clever enough not to be too clever, takes her stand. One has to look hard sometimes for the trace that has undoubtedly been there. Her most surprising feat is to introduce one of her young talkatives as a wit and then postpone his first discernible witticism till page 200, when he speaks of someone having been—by his women —"hounded into society." Then, was Mrs. Leverson worth reviving at all? Yes, I think so. Her seven novels, the last of which bears the cloudless date 1914, would make good train reading in carriages which have improved since her day, or at week-ends so different from the week-ends of Lord Chetwoode and Jasmyn Vere. And if Time has taken away with one hand, he has bestowed with the other. "The motor had recently been repainted green." Such sentences sprinkled about these light, unruffled, easy pages charm like photographs.

The effect upon me of tasting this mild equivocal pleasure was to make me re-read an Edwardian novel which, when republished a few years ago, I found exhilarating. *Israel Rank*† was the book, Roy Horniman the author. I was led or rather vigorously propelled to it by that wittiest of English films, *Kind Hearts and Coronets*. The Gascoyne murders take on a rather different shade off screen. While the film is an almost unflawed piece of dandyism in the manner of *The Importance of Being Earnest* or *The Happy Hypocrite*, the book never trifles. Its narrator not only expresses but explains himself. Poor, slighted, vain, egoistic, half Jewish by descent and more than half in appearance, he goes studiously about his business of abolishing the removes from an Earldom; ambition is his honour bright; even at school he has revenged himself on an insolent rival by tripping him at dusk with a wire across a running track. His campaign against the heirs is undertaken when all other means of preferment seem barred, but once undertaken it is ruthlessly and delicately persisted in.

The first Gascoyne, in the arms of his Frivolity light o' love, succumbs to aconite in a seaside hotel: Israel—how strangely that name strikes into the circles towards which he is moving!—deplores the necessity, the pain and the squalor, the danger to himself. Whatever twinges may overtake him in the later phases of the campaign—when, for example, he has set light to the curtains in the Albany, and tiptoes out, having assured himself of the old gentleman's heavy breathing next door—regret will be nicely balanced by the joy of self-preservation, and love of beauty will mitigate heartlessness. He would, if he could, despatch them all, swiftly, painlessly, in their prayers to Heaven—which, by the way, he doesn't at all doubt, or the hell, probably congenial, that will be his; and at one funeral he remarks the gloomily disagreeable looks with which Christians meet to celebrate the acceptance of one among them into abodes of bliss. His ironies are not lightly scattered; rather squeezed out, reflectively, by the stress of circumstance. He exults only in the smooth accomplishment of his painful duty. Evil means, glorious end. Can the public hangman claim as much? This is the Jesuit plea accommodated to the æsthete. There is more of the dandy than the superman in Israel Rank; Raskolnikov would have shocked him as a devilish idealist, and Lermontov's Hero, though more congenial, might have seemed to him afflicted by that motiveless malignity which animates brutes like Iago. He has, among

* *The Twelfth Hour. Love's Shadow. Bird of Paradise. The Limit.* By Ada Leverson. *Chapman & Hall.* 7s. 6d. each.

† *Israel Rank.* By Roy Horniman. *Eyre & Spottiswood.* 6s.

careerists, affinities with Disraeli, with Oscar Wilde. I cannot agree with the late Hugh Kingsmill that the book—a favourite of his, by the way—partially fails in assuming that a criminal can be a superior being. History—are not Queen Elizabeth and Napoleon superior beings?—if not ethics would disagree; and the foppishness of Israel Rank's ambition, compared with theirs, provides three-quarters of the charm and paradox in the story. Here is the Edwardian world of Mrs. Ada Leverson, with its faith in elegance, breeding, beauty, wealth, and possessions, encroached upon by the deadly seriousness of the outsider. On his own not too fabulous level Israel Rank lives and strives. He is the ideal, where a Wainwright, a Tichborne claimant, are the realities.

Roy Horniman almost makes a masterpiece out of the adventures of his Manichean hero: a hint of tragedy or of Romantic conviction, a little more address in the writing, would have done the trick. "From the study of poisoners I proceeded to the study of poisons, and in this way I spent the remainder of the summer." That has the exactly right, light inevitability; and if in the later chapters it is to some extent dissipated by routine, on the whole the book triumphs. Among Horniman's other novels, which I have been fitfully exploring, two at least deserve re-discovery. *Lord Cammarleigh's Secret* has, like *Israel Rank*, an excellent situation: one evening a discontented young actor, whose dream it is to act magnificently in life, notices the worried look of Lord Cammarleigh as he steps from his carriage to his front door, and whispering "I know your secret" follows him inside. What this secret is we hope with every page to discover, and it enables a brilliant adventurer, with a wit and a worldliness that are a delight in themselves, to take the high place in society that is his due. *The Magnificent Bellamy* also starts off with a good plot, and a trio of dandies, one of whom is a detective and another a valet; but here the riches of situation and epigram are somewhat inconclusively thrown together from a stage play. Other novels, never quite without wit or point, take up the adventures of wrongful imprisonment, Buddhism, and reincarnation. The conversation pieces of Mrs. Leverson may be resorted to in bulk, like old volumes of *Punch*: Roy Horniman, once or twice, is unmistakably worth recovering for himself.

G. W. STONIER

MICHAELMAS SUMMER

Each day we waken to a summer day,
Till the whole summer seems a summer day
That opens on an estuary of evening
Endless, as any summer morning may,

When light seems not to change unless to increase
By the slow settling of its ash of peace.
So in this Michaelmas summer whose days
Are evening hours, which are eternities.

Each day lays down—like bees that one by one
File into time—its apple, aster, sun;
Each day lays down a coal on the slow fire
Of the real season and this miraged one

That seems it cannot end; each day of summer given
Beyond longing, feeds in us the illusion or the vision
Of Heaven on Earth, of Heaven in Heaven.

E. J. SCOVELL

THE INTRACTABLE UNCLE

Light on a Dark Horse. By ROY CAMPBELL. *Hollis & Carter*. 18*s*.

Kiddar's Luck. By JACK COMMON. *Turnstile Press*. 9*s*. 6*d*.

Half of this autobiography is a superb account of a childhood and youth in Natal and Rhodesia and a short, amusing picture of Bohemian London in the Twenties; the other half, which describes quarrelling with men, bulls and horses in France and Spain, is nothing like as good. Mr. Campbell has a natural genius for lyric poetry and physical action; and in the latter I doubt if any other writer of his distinction approaches his accomplishment. He has been a seaman, a soldier, a bull-fighter, rider and circus figure. Action has itself been a kind of poetry for him; he has added a Provençal swagger to the natural exaggeration of the Celt. He has great physical courage and now, in middle age, he is established as the glamorous, unadaptable returned Colonial uncle; shrewd, hard, garrulous and starred by wounds and bruises, he is enchanting to the young but not entirely forgiven by his contemporaries. For Uncle has more than once been out of his depth. Behind the shrewd and simple poet lies the superstitious and boastful schoolboy, filled with a schoolboy's demonology. It is, disappointingly, a conventional one. To match the game of the wild country—the lion, the leopard, the koodoo, the klipspringer, the crocodile, the hippo and the baboon—appears a collection of ideological day-dreams drearily familiar in the hagiographies of Fascism, Communism and the Roman Catholic Church: Reds, hypocritical intellectuals, international Jews, homosexuals, Protestants, Freemasons, atheists, psycho-analysts, dead hostesses and detested poets, all led by the sinister figure of—guess who? Havelock Ellis! Goebbels, Moscow Radio and the *Catholic Herald* between them could hardly have produced a tamer zoology. In hatred Mr. Campbell is a mere disciple and echo; the early Wyndham Lewis alone has been able to give these hollow men the grotesque touch of nature.

We can explain this failure by saying Mr. Campbell lives by instinct; or by the Colonial inferiority complex; or by an ingenuous need of heroes and devils. Mr. Campbell's father was a famous doctor in Durban, especially loved by his thousands of African patients. Against this hero is the villainous schoolmaster who was jealous of Dr. Campbell and took it out of his son, to the point of getting him seriously injured in a boxing match. Another boy at the same school eventually died as the result of a fight soon afterwards. This headmaster is a nightmare figure in Mr. Campbell's life; on the other side of the picture is the irreverent and misanthropic history master, that stock character of boyhood whose pungent political misinformation deeply impresses the knowingness of schoolboys, by flattering their ignorance. Thus if his schooling was disastrously tough on the intellectual side, the free part of Mr. Campbell's boyhood was a paradise for the healthy and adventurous young animal. A charming, affectionate, high-strung figure enjoys himself to the delicious point of physical exhaustion in a rich, wild heaven. From eleven on, he has his gun and brings down the charging bucks. He is out with the native boys all day and half the night, riding, stalking, scotching vipers, collecting scorpions, being "the bane of the baboons" and making war on *No-needles*, the drunken storekeeper. The young hunter went up to Rhodesia and was allowed into the wild country with his two cousins. The intoxicated youth travelled by ox wagon:

> "I found it a delight when the lions began to roar and shake the darkness with their voices. I felt then that pleasant and awe-stricken sensation that I was able to experience in the pre-Disney days, when I could get up a thrill about the 'King of Beasts.' The cattle were all enclosed in their corral of newly lopped, golden mimosa boughs with their terrible two-sworded lion-proof thorns. We stacked the fires higher and lay on our backs under the stars singing with the natives for the sheer joy of being alive, singing all through the night, falling asleep and then waking to pick up the song again, while others dozed off, who, in their turn, automatically re-awakened to pick up the rhythm.

The zest, the beauty, the animal pleasure of this life are admirably set down. The uncles, aunts, cousins and friends who come into the story are done with good humour and affection. Cunning, courage, the love of natural beauty, run through the story; and, to judge of the high spirits of clever boys brought up in a new country under rough-and-ready discipline, read the farcical account of the octopus fights arranged by them. Mr. Campbell's physical skill had begun to turn him to showmanship and the arena where, later on, in Provence, he had success. He has Celtic and Gascon blood and we must allow for that, but in his comments on African affairs, notably in pages on totalitarianism in Zulu history, the hunter is shrewd if he is wayward. He comes out boldly for the Christianised African and in defence of the missionaries. One has only to read Moffat's *Journals* to see the weight of what Mr. Campbell says and one regrets that, in his romanticism, he turned to flirtation with Spanish politics instead of involving himself, according to his lights and prejudices, in the politics of South Africa. Toledo was more "romantic" than Natal, and lured him from facing nastier political facts in his own home.

As for the self-portrait in this book, it is ingenuous, amusing, boyishly immodest and flows on in a swift way without introspection or doubt. Handy with his fists—the only argument he likes—Mr. Campbell hardly surprises us when he says he hung his wife out of a window to teach her a lesson; one may suppose *she* has her methods, but they are not mentioned in this heroic document. About his work, he has no vainglory, but the crotchetiness of the craftsman:

> "Mistral had a far greater knowledge of the practical physics of his time, and he acquired that knowledge and Homeric exactitude without getting his breeches torn. That is the difference between a born-inspired poet like Homer or Mistral and a laboriously home-made and self-made poet like myself. To acquire my own sense of history I have had to live it physically through every phase: from paddling a coracle which we had in Wales to piloting a speedboat and a glider: from riding bare-backed horses to the latest thing in mountain climbing with 'Matchless' motor bikes: from a sling and an assegai to a Vickers' machine gun. This knowledge, which is of infinitely less importance than spiritual knowledge, nevertheless enables you to give form and obvious meaning to what otherwise would remain obscure and difficult."

If Mr. Campbell sees his childhood in a heroic light so, in very different circumstances and with more irony, does Mr. Jack Common see his. The veldt and jungle of the poor streets in a large industrial city like Newcastle are not less exhilarating to a boy than those of Africa. More than thirty years ago Mr. Common was wheeled out into the street, fought his way in the local school, had his part in the street fights, graduated in the company of corner boys, somehow took to reading. How he came to be a writer I do not know, but he is unique in not losing his status as a member of the working class, and also in his lack of self-pity and snobbery. This is a rich, tolerant, considered and indeed really brilliant picture of working-class life and a profoundly human one. The shy, violent engine-driver father, the lame mother with her weakness for the pub, the mess of relations and their sometimes fantastic doings, are set down with shrewdness, charity and sardonic humour. Mr. Common not only tells an absorbing story about people who become very real to us but he has, unlike other writers on this kind of subject, thought it all out first in his individual way. His earlier book *The Freedom of the Streets* is a classic of working-class anthropology; its successor is the warm comic's touching imaginative counterpart. The sense of period is admirable. This book makes most of the novels of working-class life look faked and overstrained.

V. S. PRITCHETT

THE EYE ON THE OBJECT

Music at Belmont. By J. T. SHEPPARD. *Hart-Davis.* 15*s.*

Essays from the Air. By GEOFFREY GRIGSON. *Routledge.* 15*s.*

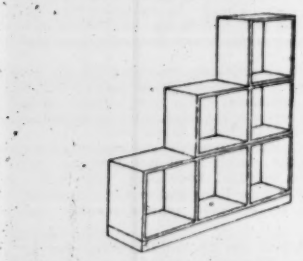
Inspection is the hard work of criticism. Sir John Sheppard's eye is the steadier, the more searching, but Mr. Grigson also keeps a very firm focus on the thing, whether it is a place, a building, a picture or a poem. There is a refreshing lack of theory in both these books of essays and the erudition is courteously discreet. Wisely, the writers aim but to mediate. Sir John is the Provost of Kings, a devotee of Greek; few men in any period can have re-lived Greek literature with such love and subtlety; no one can ever have discovered more in it. Mr. Grigson is a poet, a publisher and an editor. And here, in these broadcast talks, he appears as an English virtuoso with a West Country bias. How Pope and Swift would have hated him had he lived in the eighteenth century! For he continues a once flourishing tradition of enthusiasm about the rare, the local and the curious. So different indeed is their outlook that though both essayists have devoted much of their lives to literature, it is difficult to imagine what, if brought together, they would find to talk about.

The Muses, I suggest, would be the most fruitful subject, for the real difference between the two is that Sir John does actually believe in the Muses. They are his theme, his transcendental, his faith, the source of his invulnerable confidence. Confidence always comes as a shock and the Provost cunningly enjoys his effect. "I don't think the world's adrift. Athens fell, and we say 'Socrates died,' yet Athens lives." Mr. A. J. P. Taylor observed in this journal the other week that, "History is for us what the classics were for our ancestors." Sir John, I suppose, must be counted as one of them.

He challenges us with the relevance of Greek poetry, beginning with a study of Hesiod's vision of the Muses on Mount Helicon, then much on Homer and an analysis of *Medea*; he also considers the greatness of Pythagoras and such (to him) related subjects as Milton at Cambridge, Shakespeare in moonlit Belmont and Hardy by Stonehenge. "The Muses understand us all and sympathise with most of us." How with this manner does he avoid whimsy? By the thoroughness of his inspection and by a remarkable humility before the *whole* poem, which ultimately produces some finely illuminating critical accuracies, tossed off in the celebrated breezy way. Beneath it all lies a passion for the Muses' greatest gift—Harmony. Sir John's favourite writers all confirm the view that, "somehow in some sense life must make sense." He is our most encouraging ancestral voice.

Mr. Grigson, by contrast, is one of us. He has meditated many times on the nature of art. He has read Collingwood and Owen Barfield. He has some new observations to make about Coleridge and Wordsworth. He re-assesses Constable and Turner. He forces one to re-read Meade Falkner's *Moonfleet* and the poetry of Chatterton. He discusses grave-worms and the pleasures of jewellery. He conducts tours round Durham Cathedral and the monastery on Skellig Michael. Only once, though, does he fully show his hand and say "what this queer life of individuals in communion with each other implies." It implies, "the free undogmatic sense of the holiness of the most generous possible relationships between men." Whew! . . . but however intangible Mr. Grigson may be on fundamentals, he does argue very lucidly from very concrete particulars.

ANTHONY CURTIS



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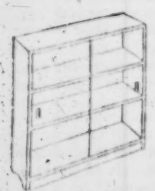

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IBSEN AND SON: THE PRICE OF A NAME

The Three Ibsens: MEMOIRS OF HENRIK, SUSANNAH AND SIGURD IBSEN. By BERGLIOT IBSEN. *Hutchinson.* 15*s.*

The lives of Ibsen and his son form a single pattern, a pattern reflected in the plays: to learn more of the meagre, bitter story sheds new light on what contemporaries read as social drama. In this little book, Henrik Ibsen's daughter-in-law provides significant material about the dramatist, and tells her husband's story for the first time. Her transparent sincerity and simplicity of style make her an excellent witness.

Isolated and in exile, "the three" began life in poverty. Food and money obsessed them. Ibsen was the shabbiest man in Rome, unable to pay postage on letters to friends. Sigurd, aged ten, writes to his father: "My health is good, and I can eat as much as I like. . . . Mamma had again to pay four specie thalers in taxes: she thinks Herr Bergner is cheating her. . . ." His mother adds: "In the evening, when he is tired, he cries bitterly, wishing you were here, but yesterday in the wood he asked me first if your State grant was an annual one, and then, whether you were working on something. So you see, he makes his own calculations."

Work was drug and weapon: with it, Ibsen planned to win wealth and glory without venturing into that hostile world which had rejected him and where he feared such irrational chances as falling tiles, kicking horses, and epidemics. Susannah protected him from mundane cares: her character moulded husband and son. She broke him of his desire to paint, and he, who had once delighted in animal caricature, gave her as pet names "the cat" and "the eagle." He worked to a fixed time-table, and was known himself as "the bear" or "the Merman."

> Even on days when he was disinclined to write, Fru Ibsen forcibly put the pen into his hand. He came to realise how right she was to do this. . . . Only if one has heard her almost fanatical faith in him can one fully understand what strength she gave him all through the years.

When Norway honoured him in his old age, his wife made Henrik sit by himself in one box at the theatre while she sat in another. "Ibsen must sit alone," she said. He was even then drawing his "final settlement of accounts" with himself: *When We Dead Wake* is his last word on the relative value of life and art. The family enjoyed it: Ibsen's grandchild was named after the mad heroine.

Both Henrik and Susannah had faith in Sigurd's destiny: the Prince Consort himself did not plan his son's education more thoroughly. Sigurd was trained to be intellectual and he was also hardened by his mother (he suffered at school from his home-made clothes): but his father was ready to spend freely, that Sigurd at twenty-two might be the youngest doctor of laws in Italy. Nevertheless the boy kept accounts. "Ibsen was delighted in reading a day-to-day account of what his son could allow himself. Every expense was proof of what they could now afford."

Sigurd was to be a diplomat: his training could hardly have been less happy. Intellectually brilliant, far-sighted and genuinely patriotic, Sigurd had also the luck to marry the generous-hearted and delightful Bergliot Björnson; but his compatriots did not feel friendly, his very important work in the diplomatic service went unrecognised, and others reaped what he had sown. He tried to obtain a chair at the University, without success: Norway's independence, which should have sealed his career, finished it. At forty-six, his work was over. He did not go into exile till after his mother's death, but much earlier he had written:

> There must be one man in every country who is hanged for truth's sake. Thank God, I am well enough off to be able to speak my mind. If I became popular I would find it hard to write. I have no friends, I will make no friends, and I don't want any friends.

His mother thought *The Quintessence of Man* and his drama were masterpieces; even her will could not impose a victory. Sigurd and Bergliot returned to the places of his parents' exile: his isolated and posthumous existence lasted till 1930. Tenacity and fidelity redeem the story, as told by his wife; and she is convinced of the utter devotion to each other of the three. Of the destruction wrought by love, Susannah remained unconscious: at the end of her life she tried to talk a little to her daughter-in-law.

> When we were young, many so-called friends came to Ibsen, but I got rid of them . . . he had to have peace for his work. . . . Ibsen had no steel in his character, but I gave it him.

Brand and Peer Gynt, man of steel and man of straw: Gregers and Hjalmer, fanatic and day-dreamer, each has something in common with his creator. Bank-notes real and feigned—like the ones decorated with cats and eagles which Ibsen gave Susannah in their poverty—death-in-life, the self-effacing ghost, the bird of prey, and the blighted little boy in the gorgeous uniform—all could be seen when, as at the climax of *Fra Mit Huslv*, Ibsen stepped back from his dream-world of playwriting and for once looked into the mirror.

M. C. BRADBROOK

NEW NOVELS

Rotting Hill. By WYNDHAM LEWIS. *Methuen.* 14*s.*

The Horizon is too Narrow. By FRANK WELLS. *Dent.* 9*s.* 6*d.*

A new novel by the author of *Tarr* and *The Revenge for Love* might be an important event; and it may be as well to say at once that *Rotting Hill* is barely the one and hardly the other. Barely a novel, since although almost anything can be given that name, the publishers rightly fight shy of bestowing it upon this collection of stories, which they are content to describe as "a work of narrative fiction." Hardly an event of importance, since it does not enlarge our notion of Mr. Wyndham Lewis's powerful talent nor impress upon us his sharp-edged originality. *Rotting Hill* is, in fact, a series of nine stories or episodes, linked only by the personality of the narrator—Mr. Wyndham Lewis *in propria per-*

sona, the Cato of Rotting Hill—and their association of mood and theme. The theme is that England's decline, and the mood is in streaks angry, despairing, sour, grim and petulant. It is the author's contribution to the hangover season, a Gift Book for fuel-cut reading.

The first story is about a Left-wing clergyman whose opinions get him into trouble with the locals, one of whom in the end knocks him about. Rymer, like the other clergymen in the book, is dismally and grimly poor, and one gets the impression that while his creator (I mean Mr. Wyndham Lewis) approves of his poverty as becoming to a priest, he is disconcerted by it as a symptom of social disintegration. This ambivalence of attitude appears also in the last story, where another clergyman—this time "High," pro-family and anti-state—is trying to preserve a village school in the teeth of centralisation. "We," says Laming, "stood for the family unit and the village, while they stood for what appeared to us an abstraction, 'the children.'" In between these tales of clerical life there comes something of a miscellany. There is, for instance, a sketch of an undergraduate fellow-traveller met in the train to Oxford. There is a story about the *physical* Rotting Hill, the district of London in which Mr. Wyndham Lewis lives and in which dry rot and a gang of lazy welfare-rotted workmen made life disagreeable, until we come, in this case, to a happy ending: "I turned my back squarely upon the carpenter, as I burst my way almost into Cook's—*I* was going to taste liberty as well." There is a piece—rather tamely Central Office, this one—about a Socialist shopkeeper who, in Socialist Britain, has to sell good imported French scissors or shoddy British ones. Another story, perhaps the best one in the book, is called "Time the Tiger." Mark Robins, an upper-middle-class Socialist, lunches with his old friend Charles Dyatt and Charles's sister, Ida, whom he has not seen for many years. Mark's old interest in Ida is vividly re-awakened. He knows, of course, that Charles and she are opposed to his own views; but he does not expect what happens:

> "Say what you like," Ida broke in again. "England is defenceless. The gang of ex-dock labourers, asiatics and corporation lawyers who push us around from Whitehall are traitors. They should be hanged from the yard-arm!"

The thick, pliant surface of English manners, the bouncy, rubbery assumption that we all believe in the same things *really*, is torn a little, and they all know that it is the end of their friendship. "To the spring-time regions where the great sex issues are normally decided he had returned—the greatly retarded maturing was in process of consummation when his love transformed herself with nightmare suddenness into a Tory soap-boxer." Rotting Hill again, and perhaps—are we to infer?—that rubbery surface was in its way a good thing, the tolerance of a country which has gone on for a long time without civil war and violent revolution, and in which it would still be difficult to get people to start killing one another.

Rotting Hill is an irritating book in which there is much silliness as well as some *saeva indignatio*, much crotchetiness as well as some compassion, and much pamphleteering as well as some creation. There will be people who will try to shrug it off, but no one who cares for writing will be able to do so. Take it as it is, then; its basic weakness is its emptiness, its finally negative quality, its uncertainty despite its knowledge that much is wrong, of *what* is really wrong, and what is most wrong. If the attitude of this book were maintained to its logical conclusion—as it very nearly is—it would be a work of despair, and in an avowedly political book ("It is impossible," say the publishers, "for a work of narrative fiction worth reading to contain less politics than *Rotting Hill*") despair will not do, for despair is unpolitical. But we are concerned here not with politicians, but with writers, and often, as I read *Rotting Hill* I thought of George Orwell, and of the different yet converging paths along which, in our time, writers are driven into the position from which, for a writer, there is no exit, since despair, apart from being unpolitical, is not an exit but a cul-de-sac, in which each writer can find—if he finds it—one book only.

And so, at the Winter solstice, the Dying God of the Novel approaches dissolution once more. It is a time of ritual, the naming by the College of Druids of their Books of the Year; the celebration of new talent discovered by newspaper competitions; a time of mourning for dead talent; but also a time for libations in honour of the Spring Lists which, before long, will be pushing their delicate green heads through the snow. Has anything been overlooked in 1951? Once again the shelves of unreviewed novels are examined; tattered, rather soiled now, and vaguely minatory, they still do not reveal that first novel which will bestow upon its reviewer the immortality of a footnote in the literary histories.

The Horizon is Too Narrow. Is this one that has been neglected? The journal of a single-handed voyage round the Horn, it employs a painstaking realism which recalls a very early phase in the history of the novel. Perhaps it is not fiction at all? Yet after another chapter or two, one guesses again. And as fiction it is somehow disappointing. We can all, if we want to, imagine what such a voyage was like, and while Mr. Wells makes it more vivid, he does not supply what our imagination requires, the inseminating actuality of experience. Mr. Wells's musings and reminiscences, as he voyages, are not enough without the adventure, and as for the adventure, although it is lively, it does rather make one wonder what reading about Kon-Tiki would be like if Mr. Heyerdahl had made it all up.

J. D. SCOTT

ORIGINAL SOURCES

British Working Class Movements: Select Documents 1789-1875. Edited by G. D. H. COLE and A. W. FILSON. *Macmillan*. 45*s*.

British Pamphleteers Volume II. Edited by A. J. P. TAYLOR and REGINALD REYNOLDS. *Wingate*. 21*s*.

How many students of politics or history really read the documents and texts to which they can refer so glibly? They usually know the "basic" writers at first-hand—Hobbes, for instance, Burke, Owen, and more likely, Marx—though the acquaintanceship is seldom wider than one or two "basic" volumes. But they can answer the demands of the examiner with a string of precise references to minor articles, pamphlets and other original sources that they have never seen, let alone read. Nearly all are gleaned from footnotes, or from summary histories and commentaries whose authors themselves may never have handled the originals: scholarship becomes confused with bibliographomania.

The truth of the matter is that the original sources are often very hard to come by—even in good libraries—and, save for some tit-bit or general argument that research has already winnowed out, may well be unrewardingly dull. So the work that Professor Cole and Mr. Filson have done is very welcome. They have selected two hundred extracts from the vast (and frequently turgid) literature of the British working-class movements from the French Revolution to the eve of the New Unionism and Fabianism. Here are fragments from speeches, pamphlets, books, trials and trade union documents. The plan of the book corresponds to that of Mr. Cole's own standard history, and it has clearly been designed to serve as a companion source book. That purpose it does serve admirably, and one is grateful to the authors for the convenience, and for labours which make any criticism seem like pedantic quibbling. This, after all, is the most exhaustive selection yet available, and it contains some memorable as well as many more prosaically important documents.

Yet, recognising that the authors set themselves an unenviable task of selection and compression, there are some curious choices and some odder omissions. In part, this may be due to the way this book follows the emphasis of Mr. Cole's earlier history. But does this explain the omission

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METHUEN

of Bray, the limitation of John Gray and James Watson to editorial notes, and the absence—save a note and the rules of the Fraternal Democrats—of any testimony to the internationalism of the working class from, say, 1830 to the formation of the First International? I do not think, moreover, that the extracts from Hodgskin are typical, or that those from Ernest Jones suggest any real idea of his Socialist doctrine. And why is Patrick Colquhoun not even awarded a mention? It may seem that these—although they are not the only instances—are minor complaints: something had to be left out and it is really remarkable how much has been put in. For everyone has his own scale of preferences, and mine happen to differ somewhat from those of the authors. The important fact, however, is that we have this book at all; for with it, and with the cheaper series that Lawrence and Wishart has been issuing under the general title "History in the Making," a real beginning is being made to the long overdue documentation of our trade union and Socialist history.

If choice was hard for Messrs. Cole and Filson, it seems to have been quixotic with A. J. P. Taylor and Reginald Reynolds. No one will object to the way that Mr. Taylor, in the best pamphleteering tradition, takes issue with his colleague on almost every selection, nor does one mind his witty and perverse introduction. But I cannot make out the principle upon which the pamphlets have been selected. As examples of the nineteenth-century pamphleteer's technique—his style, his unpent fury or venom or enthusiasm—most of them merit reproduction, though personally I have little taste for Laurence Housman's allegory on the suffragettes, Sir George Chesney on the German Menace or Edward Carpenter's fluffy-duffy anarchism.

But as a picture of what moved men to anger or advocacy between 1789 and 1914, this book is scrappy and unbalanced. Nothing on the Poor Law or Chartism, nothing from the Fabians, not even Shaw, Wells or Annie Besant. Surely Mrs. Besant's article on the condition of the match girls deserves a place in such a collection? Nothing—until Morris's *Useful Work v. Useless Toil*—about the Industrial Revolution or what it did to Britain. If this were just and avowedly a haphazard collection of pamphlets, then never mind. But when Mr. Reynolds picks the defence speech of a Welsh Nationalist tried for burning a R.A.F. establishment in 1937, and says that since it is too difficult to pick anything that is typical for post-1914 this speech may as well do, the book really gives up the pretence that it is more than a random collection of amusing, pointed and "period" outpourings. I must add, too, that nine of the twenty-one selections are not reprinted in full but are edited extracts. This said, the fact remains that this is an entertaining, instructive and useful book, which offers the reader an enjoyable evening. But it is barely what its title claims it to be.

NORMAN MACKENZIE

SHORTER REVIEWS

Classic Crimes. Selected from the Works of WILLIAM ROUGHEAD by W. N. ROUGHEAD. *Cassell.* 17*s.* 6*d.*

"Before me as I write is an inch-square bit of brown leather." So Mr. William Roughead introduces his narrative of Burke and Hare, the bit of brown leather having come into his childhood with his grandfather's snuff-box and the inscription "Piece of Skin tan'd from the Body of Burke the Murderer." Later, he was to edit them—Dr. Knox's handymen—for the Notable British Trials series. He ate chocolates and digestive biscuits through the ten days in court that awarded a Not Proven to A. J. Manson. He reported the Slater case, followed it up for years, and gave evidence in the final appeal. He was haunted, not unpleasantly, by Deacon Brodie who sang catches from *The Beggar's Opera* on the eve of execution for robbing the Excise Office, and dazzled, from afar, by Madeleine Smith. Crime, one might say, has been his porridge; to it—well creamed and salted—he has applied himself, as others to the bones of antiquity, or the bad eggs of politics. Diet, in his case (as the late James Bridie remarks in a preface), for a sound constitution. The twelve narratives reprinted in *Classic Crimes* are classic examples of how to deploy the facts and how to entertain darkly without disgust. Deacon Brodie, Burke and Hare, and Oscar Slater are perhaps Mr. Roughead's best subjects, though others, including Constance Kent and Donald Merrett, run them close. These pithy accounts are distinguished by the older-fashioned decencies of style, which have not precluded some admirable asides on Edinburgh, criminal face hair, police bumbledom, H. B. Irving, etc. Mr. Roughead's favourite authors seem to be, with a nice blending, Webster and Dickens.

Hosier's Farming System. By A. J. HOSIER and F. H. HOSIER. *Crosby, Lockwood.* 21*s.*

Mr. A. J. Hosier is in a great tradition—that of the English farming "eccentrics" whose genius for combining agricultural science with a "peasant" instinct for soil management, and applying both with a passion of hard-working enthusiasm, has, from time to time, renewed our farming. His book is an account of the Hosier method, if method is the word for a talent for improvisation and creative opportunism. The name Hosier is associated with the invention and use of the movable milking bail whereby the herds are maintained out of doors throughout the year, on permanent and ley pasture, with some hay and silage, the milking shed being taken to the cows instead of the cows to the shed. Health and hardiness are built up; mucking-out is eliminated; fields are dunged without labour. Out of this dairy farming developed the system of alternate husbandry: pasture grasses (including brassicas) are treated as arable crops, ploughed at frequent intervals to cash the fertility created by the cattle, by growing cereals till more grass is due.

As an engineer Mr. Hosier has been able to invent and build the machines he needed, or to adapt cheaply bought surplus machinery to his ends. He has known how to use without abusing every new device, including such social devices as making his milking hands contractors under agreement, managing each his own herd, his income therefore dependent upon his skill and work. An individualist and a contemner of bureaucrats and committees, he believes in the nationalisation of the land in that the State alone is now rich enough to put England into condition to feed her people . . . provided that the land thereafter be let to private-enterprise farmers able to make their own decisions.

Illustrated English Social History: Vol. III. The Eighteenth Century. By G. M. TREVELYAN. *Longmans.* 21*s.*

From a wider range of sources than was possible for the two earlier volumes, Mrs. Ruth Wright has collected a most attractive series of nearly 150 illustrations, four of them in colour. Attractiveness is not, of course, the prime necessity for this history; but the volume covers an age when social life and the changing landscape attracted a few of the major artists—Stubbs, Hogarth, Rowlandson—and a great number of the minor ones, like Paul Sandby, S. H. Grimm, Samuel Scott. It was an age, too, of easier journeys, and it is from the books of travellers like Thomas Pennant and Arthur Young that many of the pictures of local industries and activities come—copper works and cotton mills, haymaking and hand-weaving. Architecture is mainly presented by modern photographs, though there are contemporary views and plans of some great houses and "improved" estates. The copious notes at the back of the volume indicate the sources, and drive home all the points made by these excellently chosen pictures.

The World of Gilbert and Sullivan. By W. A. DARLINGTON. *Peter Nevill.* 13*s.*

This little book was written originally for an American public who needed to be told that

> The Aristocrat who hunts and shoots

did something more elaborate than "chase after any animal at any time of the year and with any kind of weapon"; or that Frederic in *The Pirates* did not really overhaul and board Cunarders and White Star liners. Mr. Darlington has revised his book for England, but these passages remain. So does an excellent account of the social distinctions satirised in *The Pirates*, revealing a further Gilbertian topsy-turveydom which must be largely unsuspected by present-day Savoyards. Mr. Darlington's sole concern is to elucidate Gilbert's text; to write a commentary on the circumstances which make up each opera's raw material. Many people must have wondered how a village dairymaid comes to be mixed up with *Patience's* artistic crew—or what indeed the chorus of love-sick maidens are up to; for as the sober Mr. Darlington remarks: "The aesthetes are not concerned with love—not, at any rate, with the ordinary everyday kind of love which ends in marriage." But once he has pointed out that Bunthorne was originally a romantic young curate with his heart lost to the dairymaid, that the maidens were young ladies of the parish, then all falls into place. Sometimes Mr. Darlington is too serious. Quoting

> A wonderful joy our eyes to bless,
> In her magnificent comeliness,
> Is an English girl of eleven stone two
> And five foot ten in her dancing shoe,

he assures us that "Gilbert means every word to be taken as serious praise."

Rouault's Miserere. *Trianon Press: Faber.* 25*s.*

This book, to which Professor Anthony Blunt has written a short and most intelligent introduction on the subject of modern religious art, contains reproductions of Rouault's 58 aquatint engravings in the two parallel series called *Miserere* and *Guerre*. The history of these prints and plates, which were begun in 1918 but were only recently exhibited for the first time, is so confused that it is a relief to see them gathered together in their final state with the approval of the artist himself. The reproductions are of course much smaller than the original prints and although the texts underneath them, written in Rouault's own handwriting, lend the pages a tragic directness, they do lack much of their original power. What is so amazing in the original prints is the marriage between their technique and their emotional content. The sharpness of an engraving tool, the bite of acid into copper, the deep rich blacks which are the result of this astringent process, the eventual clarity of the image on a plate so much worked upon and beaten—these seem to be the equivalent of Rouault's satire, ruthlessness, compassion and faith. Nevertheless, even if these reproductions do inevitably lack that quality, the book is worth having—both as a record of some of the best work of an important artist and as a profound, graphic comment on our time. The austere grey cover is appropriate, for this is a book of angry lament; a visual psalter which almost has—and this is a tribute to Rouault's greatness—the power of anonymity.

GRAMOPHONE NOTES—I

Symphonies. NIELSEN: No. 4 ("The Inextinguishable"). Op. 29 (Danish State Radio Orch/Gröndahl. DB 20156-60. Special Order). Though it is considerably earlier in date, I am inclined to think that this symphony is superior even to No. 5, at any rate in point of structural tension and unity. According to the note prefaced to the score, the title implies that the work was inspired by the Schopenhauerian notion of music as an image of the Will. I urge readers not to neglect this profound and thrilling symphony, which can, I think, hardly fail to interest musical people of all kinds. The performance is very fine, the recording worthy of one star. HAYDN: No. 94, G major ("Surprise") (RPO/Beecham. LX 1499-1501). There is admirably balanced playing here, with real *pp* in the slow movement and the "surprise" not overdone. The recording is somewhat top-heavy and the strings have a nasty edge, but all in all I recommend this set, for the Blech issue (Decca) is really too somnolent.

Concertos. BEETHOVEN: Violin Concerto (Haendel/Philharmonia/Kubelik. C 4126-30). A thoughtful and competent performance. Ida Haendel does not command a round tone, but it is always secure and her attack is magnificent. The mood of the Larghetto is admirably caught and sustained, and the tempo of the Rondo is just right. The recording is well balanced, but there

is some shrillness. By a narrow margin I prefer this set to the Menuhin, which is not at all outstanding and is more expensive. BEETHOVEN: Piano Concerto No. 1, C major (Gulda/Vienna Phil/Böhm. *LXT 2627). Not recommended. A most uncomfortable recording, dry, with screaming violins and a tubby piano tone. The performance, too, does nothing to make up for the recording defects. The Gieseking SP set (Col) in every way superior. BEETHOVEN: Piano Concerto No. 4, G major (Backhaus/Vienna Phil/Krauss. *LXT 2629). Though much better than the foregoing disc, Backhaus' management of the solo here seems to me deeply uninteresting, by comparison with Gieseking's beautifully sensitive performance in the recent Columbia issue. The balance is good, but the orchestral tone is not particularly faithful. FALLA: *Nights in the Gardens of Spain* (Curzon/New Sym Orch/Jorda); *The Three-Cornered Hat*—Scenes and Dances, Part 1 (LSO/Jorda. *LXT 2621). The SP set of the *Nights*, though quickly withdrawn from circulation, was, you may remember, one of the most startling of Decca's first ffrr issues. I do not think the newly made LP version will disappoint those who failed to secure the earlier set, for the performance is altogether more subtle, more carefully conducted and more beautiful in sound. This is a model of concerto recording; the reverse, less successful, is a worthy coupling. PROKOFIEV: Piano Concerto No. 5; (Brendel/Vienna State Opera Orch/Sternberg); Sonata No. 5; Three Pieces, Op. 12, Nos. 6, 7, 9 (Hans Graf. Nixa *SPLP 527). The Concerto was written in 1932 and exhibits the gorse-like texture of much music composed at that period. Repeated hearings reveal a certain emaciated beauty, but it is no good pretending that this kind of music is not a special taste. The performance is most dexterous and quite acceptably recorded, though the piano is rather far back. The reverse side is impossibly ill recorded—a pity, for the music is more accessible.

Miscellaneous Orchestral. TCHAIKOVSKY: *Romeo and Juliet* (Philharmonia/Cantelli. DB 21373-4 & DBS 21375). A performance electric with verve and dramatic tension—distinctly more so even than Beecham's. It seems as if the engineers had been carried away, for they have let rather too much through; but any possessor of a gramophone capable of dealing with the fierce dynamics of this recording is sure to be thrilled by it. TCHAIKOVSKY: *Casse Noisette* Suite (Philharmonia/Markevitch. C 4133-5). Of the several available sets, all good in their ways, this seems to me to have the most striking virtues. There is real theatre atmosphere and an exquisite sense of style in the conducting. The wind-string balance, and the fidelity of the timbres, are splendid examples of modern recording at its best. Only the *Danse Chinoise* fails: the flute run is twice fluffed and the tone distorted. Side 4 contains the charming *Pas de Deux*, not usually included in the Suite. This is the only recording I know in which the Valse is played with the proper lightness and chic. RAVEL: *Ma Mère l'Oye*; DEBUSSY: *La Mer* (Suisse Romande Orch/Ansermet. *LXT 2632). A double-star performance and recording. The Ravel side includes the Prelude and *Fileuse* (but not the Interludes) added by the composer when the work was produced as a ballet in 1912. The extra movement is well worth having. Though without positive information in the subject, I should say that *La Mer* was a new performance—not simply a dubbing from the SP set by the same forces: it seems much more alive. MOZART: *Fünf Kontretänze*, K 609 (London Baroque Ensemble. R 20597). Those who have heard these enchanting little pieces only in the orchestral version can have no idea how much more pointful they sound in the original scoring (as here) for two violins, bass, flute and side drum. The recording is ideal. VILLA-LOBOS: *Bachianas Brassileiras* No. 1, for eight celli; *Chôros* Nos. 4 and 7. (Instrumental Ensemble/Janssen. *CTL. 7014). The first of these works is more palatable and stylistically less irritating than No. 5, reviewed a couple of months ago. Whatever may be thought of the extraordinary *Chôros*, with their uninhibited pooling of idioms, there is no denying their many moments of humour and picturesque beauty, and the brilliance with which they are scored. These musical bran-pies are great fun to dip into; they are played with the utmost virtuosity and clearly recorded.

(To be concluded)

EDWARD SACKVILLE WEST

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No. 1,141

Set by G. W. Stonier

The usual prizes are offered for a conversation between two Trafalgar Square pigeons. Limit 150 words. Entries by January 15.

RESULT OF COMPETITION No. 1,138

Set by John Roberts

"The Four Powers this morning signed a drift agreement"—so we read. The usual prizes are offered for an invented news paragraph of 150 words containing three examples of printer's errors with a bite. (Competitors are reminded that there are laws of libel and obscenity.)

Report by John Roberts

What an ems-breadth preserves us from shame and disaster! Police Farces manned entirely by defectives, the regular seduction of the armed services, the jeers for the intrepid adventurer, the ideal louse, the music bells! All these were well worked-over by our competitors. Of the more original misprints, I especially liked Senator McCarthy as "the smear-head of the attack" (R. A. K. Wright), the bottle-scarred and battle-scared officers of G. J. H., Mr. Vyshinsky's evocation of his countrymen saying, "with typical Russian sincerity, 'we want to be fiends!'" (Eric Stockdale), the informal Vicar frequently discovered in a disreputable racket (H. A. C. Evans) and the Vicar's wife casting her smells and curves as a witch at the Women's Institute play (S. M. King), the British sports cads, so popular now in the U.S. (C. O'Loughlin), and Alastor's vintners whose wives were renowned for their superb quality, having been whipped under the supervision of experts.

Many of these, however, needed too elaborate a build-up. For pith and point, Pat Bullen is awarded a first prize of three guineas, for two of her four entries; a guinea each to Edward Blishen, D. R. Peddy and G. J. H. Hon. mention: Michael Sturge and S. W. A. K.

The total lumber of U.S. troops in Europe is now greater than at any time since the end of the war. This was revealed yesterday by the President's raving representative, who said that it was America's prime responsibility to secure the rations of the free world.

The U.S. and Soviet delegates were again in collusion at yesterday's session of the General Assembly. After an exchange of preliminary shots they really settled down to amuse each other. A South American delegate commented later that he had never heard such clever sillies.

PAT BULLEN

Incredulously counting his thirty-five trunks and eighty suit-cases in his suite at Claridge's to-day was rich American play-boy Milton Fudge. This is the first time he has crossed the Atlantic without losing part of his luggage. Mr. Fudge—recently divorced from his fourteenth wife, Lola Goldhunter—is a happy man. "I've never got here before without a hitch," he said.

Bound for the winter-sports at St. Moritz, America's most democratic millionaire declares that he is only happy among the snobs of Switzerland.

Honorary President of America's "Keep the Home Sacred" League, Mr. Fudge insists that he is a typical New England puritan at heart. He would like to be known as "the man in search of the Ideal Wife"; dislikes, he tells our reporter, the epithet of "much-bedded" that is so often applied to him.

EDWARD BLISHEN

Mr. William Knotoff, actor-playwright, told reporters to-day that he is hoping to complete his latest comedy soon. The play was started in Jamaica, where he went for a rest cure following his nervous breakdown when his heroin ran out on the opening night of *Have a Pop*.

Asked for his views on the West Indies, he said "O.K. when you get there, but the sex was a bit rough going across."

About the rumours of his impending marriage

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R. Palme Dutt

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LABOUR MONTHLY

1s. 6d. all newsagents. Or postal sub. 18s. (Overseas, 19s.) from 134 Ballards Lane, N.3.

to Hollywood's Gloria Moonshine, Mr. Knotoff said "We've been co-respondents ever since we were 21, and are just good friends." D. R. PEDDY

Miss Pallumah Palerma, the American film star, arrived at London Airport yesterday. Miss Palerma was full of enthusiasm for her first Atlantic crossing. "I was thrilled—everything thrilled me," she said. "The plane, the crew and that vast expanse of sea." Asked by our reporter what she most looked forward to doing here, she replied, "Well, I guess it's kinda quaint, but I just can't wait to get inside one of your English country pubs to order myself an English peer." She added, laughing, "Who knows, I may get so awful smitten I'll order a whole crateful to take back home with me."

Miss Palerma is to make a film in this country. She will co-star with the British actor, Hamish Bacon, in an adaptation of the novel *Lady Chatterley's Liver*. G. J. H.

CHESS: Readers' Own

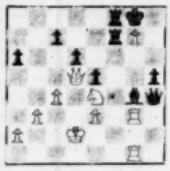
No. 118

It seems high time once again to dip into the steadily accumulating batch of readers' own endgames or brilliancies. (Even so, further entries are still welcome, and each one printed will get its author the usual chessbook token.)

Here is a position reached by H. Lobbenberg (Black) in the Shrewsbury Club Championship. After a few moves he got the chance of a Q sacrifice and an announced mate.

(19)	P-Q4	P-KB4		
(20)	P-K5	P-Kt4		
(21)	P-K6	B-Kt5	(26)	K Kt2 P-B6 ch !
(22)	Q-B6	R-K2	(27)	BxP B-B6 ch
(23)	B-Q5	R-B3	(28)	K-R2 B-B8 ch
(24)	Q-Q7	QxP ch !	(29)	K-Kt3 R-R6 mate
(25)	KxQ	R-R3 ch		

Here is a position where The Rev. E. C. Mortimer (White) by playing BxKt cheerfully offered an exchange that could not be accepted because (on account of Kt-Q6 etc.) it would have been rather a Greek Gift. What happened was



(13)	BxKt	KtxB	(16) RxP ch PxR
(14)	KtxKt ch	PxKt	(17) QxP ch K-B1
(15)	QxKBP	R-KKt1	(18) B-B4 etc.
(16)	RxP ch	PxR	

Finally we have got a position reached by Hugh Courtney in a Swiss tournament a few years ago. He was playing Black and his opponent had just shifted his Q from the danger-spot Q3 where the Kt was liable to be pinned by the B. What happened was

(1)		P-B3	(4) QxP BxKt ch .
(2)	QxBP	B-B6	(5) QxB R-Q1 ch etc.
(3)	K-Q3	P-Q4	

Obviously R-Q1 on the preceding move would have been countered by RxP ch etc.

A: N. Hoeg, 1905

In this week's competition **A**, so as not to neglect our problem-addicts, is a 3-mover, and if it is to rate a mere 5 ladder-points I had better give the useful hint that a pawn due for promotion need not necessarily covet the most exalted rank. As for **B**—White to win—this may well be under-rated with 6 points but for the reminder that competitors will have to think seven moves ahead before realising that the key is *not* the more obvious move. The author, incidentally, and his no less distinguished colleague E. Zepler (now resident in this country) must have faced quite an *embarras de richesse* in publishing a selection o their best pieces (*In Banne des Schachproblems*, de Gruyter 1951). As for **C**—White to draw—competitors may find it a little easier to earn their 7 points if I tell them that the late Richard Reti—one of the jurors who awarded this piece a well deserved prize—was so astounded by the third move in the main variation that he first thought it must be a slip of the pen.

B: A. Kraemer, 1927

C: E. Zepler, 1928

Usual prizes. Entries by January 14.

REPORT ON COMPETITION

Set December 15

A: (1) P-Kt4 ch, B x P. (2) B-Kt6 ch, P x B. (3) Q x R mate.

B: (1) Q x Kt (R6) ch, K x Q. (2) Kt-K6 ch, K-R4. (3) B-K2 ch, K-R5. (4) P-B4 ch, Kt x R. (5) P-Kt3 ch, K-R6. (6) Kt x Kt mate.

C: *Key:* R-Q1. Capture leads to stalemate, other Q moves answered by R-QB1 or R-KB1 respectively.

Many competitors, in **C**, tried (1) R x P, overlooking that this is refuted by Q-R8 ch, followed by P x R. Even so there are too many flawless solutions to mention them all. Prizes shared by E. Hopkinson, H. F. Moxon, L. G. Kennion, F. A. Rhoden, C. Sandberg, P. B. Sarson.

ASSIAC

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LECTURER seeks temp. furn./unfurn. accom., wife, 2 children, London/Home Counties/Sth. Coast. Box 7758.

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WHERE TO STAY, etc.—continued

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BOOKS AND PUBLICATIONS—continued

THE Cambridge Journal—a monthly review of Literature, Economics, History, Philosophy, Politics, etc., edited by Michael Oakeshott, Denis Brogan, C. W. Guillebaud, Michael Postan, Basil Willey and T. F. D. Williams. January issue now ready. Of all booksellers, 3s. net (30s. p.a.).

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APPOINTMENTS VACANT

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THE Labour Party invites applications for the post of Assistant to the Commonwealth Officer. Candidates should have some knowledge of Colonial affairs, the Labour Movement and drafting ability. Salary £475–£500. Application forms, to be returned with specimens of written work not later than January 31, 1952, from Morgan Phillips, The Labour Party, Transport House, Smith Square, S.W.1.

SALOP County Council.—Applications are invited from persons possessing a Mental Health Certificate, which is recognised and approved by the Association of Psychiatric Social Workers, for appointment to permanent and superannuable position of Psychiatric Social Worker. The salary, in accordance with the recommendations of the Joint Negotiating Committee (Hospital Staffs) will be within the scale £420 per annum, rising by annual increments of £20 to £580 per annum. Travelling and subsistence allowances will be paid in accordance with the scale of the County Council. The Psychiatric Social Worker will be on the staff of the County Medical Officer of Health and will be required to undertake Child Guidance work on behalf of the Education Committee and Mental Health Work on behalf of the Health Committee. Forms of application and copies of the conditions of service may be obtained from the undersigned, to whom applications—together with copies of three recent testimonials—should be forwarded as soon as possible. William Taylor, County Medical Officer of Health, County Health Office, College Hill, Shrewsbury.

PSYCHIATRIC Social Worker required to work in the Child Guidance Clinic (Hill End and Watford). Salary in accordance with the National Joint Negotiating Committee (Hospital Staffs) Reports. Ability to drive a car essential. Applications stating age and experience with copies of testimonials should be sent to the Medical Superintendent, Hill End Hospital, St. Albans, Herts.

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ASSOCIATION of Building Technicians require trade union organiser mainly for London. Salary up to £600 p.a. acc. to ability. Application forms, returnable within 14 days of this advert., obtainable from General Secretary, 5 Ashley Place, S.W.1.

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NOTTINGHAMSHIRE County Council. Appointment of Children's Visiting Officer (Male). Applications are invited for the above appointment, for responsible work under the Children Act from men preferably with previous experience and/or Social Science qualifications or Home Office Child Care Certificate. Salary scales £440 × £15 p.a.—£485 or £470 × £15 p.a.—£515 according to qualifications and experience. Application forms and further particulars are obtainable from the Children's Officer, Shire Hall, Nottingham, to whom completed applications should be returned by January 15, 1952. Canvassing will disqualify. K. Tweedale Meaby, Clerk of the County Council.

SHEFFIELD Council of Social Service Old People's Welfare Department—wanted, woman organiser; Social Science Diploma desirable; organising ability essential. Salary £300/400 per annum. Apply to The General Secretary, 155, Norfolk St., Sheffield, 1.

GRADUATE master and experienced matron (single, 25–45) reqd. immed. for co-educational school (vegetarian). Box 7750.

IMMEDIATE vacancy for graduate master in Jewish Boys' and Girls' School, British Colony, Aden. Apply, stating full particulars and teaching experience. Attractive terms for suitable candidate. Box 7859

APPOINTMENTS VACANT—*continued*

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A LARGE firm in the North of England requires a secretary for one of their senior managers. Candidates should have good secretarial and shorthand typing qualifications and should be under 30 years of age. Commencing salary £375–£425 according to age and qualifications. Full details of age, education, qualifications and experience to Box 7779.

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RESIDENT Secretary required by pioneer voluntary social service. Experienced shorthand-typist, over 25. Salary £180–£220 plus residence. Apply Family Service Unit, 56 Grove St., Liverpool, 7.

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MISCELLANEOUS

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QUAKERISM. Information respecting the Faith and Practice of the Religious Society of Friends free on application to the Friends Home Service Committee, Friends House, Euston Rd., London, N.W.1.

THE Continental Club for conversation and tuition in foreign languages every Tuesday evening from 8 p.m. 15 Baker Street, W.1. Enquiries Secretary, CUN. 8837.

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ENTERTAINMENTS

ARTS (Tem. 3334). 7 (ex. Mon.). St. Sun. 5 & 8. "Thieves Carnival." Mems. 5s.

UNITY. Bus. 5391. "Mother Goose" political panto. Weds. to Suns. 7.30. Mems.

"DANDY Dick," Pinero's Farce, will be presented by the Tavistock Repertory Company, Weds.-Suns., Jan. 9-13, 16-20, at 7.30 p.m.: Sat., 19, 5 p.m. & 8 p.m. Members only, 4s., 2s., 6d. Write or ring Euston 7185 for details of Club Membership (2s. 6d. per year). Tav. Rep. Coy., Christchurch Studio Theatre, 156(a) Albany St., N.W.1.

IRVING (WHI. 8657). 1st pf. Tues., Jan 8, 7.30 & 10.15 excl. Mon., Sun. 5 & 9. Sunil Kumar & His Indian Dancers. Mems.

EVERYMAN. Ham. 1525. Until Jan. 6: Cocteau's "La Belle et La Bête" (A). From Jan. 7: Cocteau's "Orpheus" (A); "Desordres" (U).

PEOPLE'S Palace. Adv. 3331. Jan. 6, 7.30. "The Paris Waltz" (A).

HAMPSTEAD Town Hall. Soviet Film, "Fire, Year at School," Mon., Jan. 14, 8 p.m. Tickets 1s. 6d with S.A.E. to Percival, 19 Wellbeck Mans., Inglewood Rd., N.W.6. B.S.F.S. Educ. Cttee.

HAMPSTEAD Town Hall, Mon., Jan. 28, 7.30 p.m.: The Society for Twentieth Century Music in assocn. with The Arts Council of Great Britain presents its Inaugural Concert: The London Symphony Orch. Chamber Ensemble: Norman Del Mar, conductor; Kyla Greenbaum, pianoforte; Martin Boddey, tenor; Margaret Field-Hyde, soprano. Works by: Constant Lambert, Edgar Varèse, Luigi Dallapiccola. Tkts.: 6s. 6d., 4s. 9d., 3s. 6d., from John Barnes, 191 Finchley Rd., N.W.3; Hampstead Travel & Theatre Agency, 40-42 Heath St., N.W.3; Collets, 193 Haverstock Hill, N.W.3; Lipman's Ticket Agency, 84 St. John's Wood High St., N.W.8; Chappell's, 50 New Bond St., W.1. MAY. 7600.

HENRY Wood Promenade Concerts, Royal Albert Hall. The B.B.C. presents Winter Series, January 7 to 19: Nightly at 7.30 (Sunday excepted). The programmes will feature Brahms and Berlioz. B.B.C. Symphony Orchestra conducted by Sir Malcolm Sargent (Jan. 7-11, 15-19). Basil Cameron (Jan. 12 & 14). Tickets: Res. 7s. 6d., 6s., 3s. 6d.; and Prospectus from Hall (Ken. 8212) and Agents. Seasons (Prom.): 12s. from Hall only. 2,000 Promenade, 2s., at doors only.

BEN Uri Gallery, 14 Portman Street, W.1. Recital by Montague Zolowsky (baritone), accompanied by Doris Lasserson (piano), Sunday, Jan. 6, at 8 p.m. Visitors 2s.

WELCOME to 1952—An International Youth Centre Social at 13 Chelsea Embankment, S.W.3, 8 p.m. Sun., January 6. 2s.

EXHIBITIONS

GANYMED Facsimiles & Turnstile Prints, full range on show at 11 Great Turnstile, W.C.1 (N.E. corner of Lincoln's Inn Fields). Illus. Catalogue 6d. post free.

RUMANIAN Exhibition, presented by the British-Rumanian Friendship Association at R.W.S. Galleries, 26 Conduit St. (off Regent St.). Life and developments portrayed. Folk Art. Open week-days from 10-7, until January 19. Admission free.

LEICESTER Galleries, Leicester Sq. New Year Exhibition of 144 Works by English and French artists, including Picasso, Braque, the André Gide Sickert Collection and Epstein's "Somerset Maugham." 10-5.30. Sats. 10-1.

REDFERN Gallery, 20 Cork St., W.1. Paintings by Julian Trevelyan, Orovida and Cawthra Mulock. Designs for "Donald of the Burthens" by Colquhoun & MacBryde. Hours 10-6; Sat. 10-1.

BARBARY Group: F. Joss, Ali Nuf, Guy Roddon, Michael Ross, Ronald Searle, Fred Uhlman; North Africa—Paintings & Drawings. Sculpture by Rita Ling. Galerie Apollinaire, Litchfield St., facing Ivy Restnt. 11 a.m.-8.30 p.m., exc. Sun.

"YOUNG Sculptors," I.C.A. Gallery, 17 Dover St., W.1. Dly. 10-6. Suns. 2-6.

HANOVER Gallery, 32A St. George St., W.1. New Paintings by Francis Bacon. Second Exhibn. of Paintings by E. Box. Aquarelles by Philippe Jullian. Until Jan. 12.

INDIA Exhibition House, 28 Cockspur Street, S.W.1. Displays of Indian Arts & Crafts, Industrial Products, Natural resources, etc. Mon.-Fri., 9.30 to 5, Sats. 9.30 to 1. Admission free.

BRIGHTON. The Royal Pavilion with Regency furniture. Dly. inc. Suns. 10-5.

WELLCOME Historical Medical Museum, 28 Portman Square, W.1. Exhibition: British Medicine and the Continent, 1660-1850. Open daily (Sun. exc.) 10-5. Adm. free.

MARLBOROUGH, 17-18 Old Bond St., W.1. Degas Sculpture & Drawings, closing Jan. 12. Daily 10-5, Sats. 10-12.

A.I.A. Gallery, 13 Lisle St. W.C.2. Lyonel Feininger. Dly. 11-6, Sats. inc.

GIMPEL Fils, 50 South Molton St., W.1. Recent Paintings by Francis Rose. Commencing January 8.

IRVING Galleries, Irving St., Leics. Sq. Select Paintings, Old and Modern, under 25gns. And Display of Art Books. Until January 31.

EXHIBITIONS—continued

BEN Uri Gallery, 14 Portman St., W.1. 30 Works by Josef Schwarzmann. Extended until Jan. 15. Mon.-Thurs. 10-5, Fri. 10-3, Sun. 2-5.

LECTURES AND MEETINGS

CONWAY Discussion Circle, South Place Ethical Society, Conway Hall, Red Lion Sq., W.C.1., Weekly discussions in the Library on Tuesdays at 7 p.m. Jan. 8, J. Hutton Hynd: "The American Way of Life." Admission free. Collection.

"WHY Fashion Changes," Finsbury Art Group presents an illustrated lecture by Stella Mary Pearce at the Finsbury Town Hall, Rosebery Avenue, E.C.1. Tues., Jan. 8, 8 p.m. Adm. 2s.

A TRIBUTE to the late Prof. Harold Laski. Speakers: Morgan Phillips (Secretary, Labour Party), Dr. S. W. Jeger, M.P., Dr. S. Levenberg. Chairman: Dr. S. A. Miller (Chairman, Poale Zion). Tuesday, January 8, 1952, at 8 p.m., at the Adolph Tuck Hall, Woburn House, Upper Woburn Place, W.C.1. Admission free, all welcome. Organised by Poale Zion (Jewish Socialist Labour Party), 2 Bloomsbury Place, W.C.1.

UNIVERSITY College London. Public Lunch-hour Lectures on Tuesdays and Thursdays from 1.15 to 2 p.m. in the Anatomy Theatre. (Entrance Gower Street.) Admission Free. Jan. 15: George III—Man and King, Mr. I. R. Christie. Jan. 17: What is Pharmacology?, Dr. H. O. Schild. Jan. 22: Early Experiments on the Conduction of Electricity, Dr. N. H. de V. Heathcote. Jan. 24: The Early Dynasties of Ancient Egypt, Mr. A. J. Arkell. Jan. 29: Shakespeare and Greece, Mr. T. J. B. Spencer. Jan. 31: Antioch in the Age of Libanius and John Chrysostom, Mr. R. Browning. Feb. 5: Photoelasticity and Engineering Design, Mr. H. T. Jessop. Feb. 7: Himalayan Landscapes and Life, Mr. W. P. Packard. Feb. 12: A Botanist in the Andes, Mr. P. R. Bell. Feb. 14: Building in Nigeria, Mr. R. M. Fry. Feb. 19: Some Aspects of Group Behaviour, Miss Cecily de Monchaux. Feb. 21: Masons' Marks and the Building of Mediaeval Churches, Mr. R. H. C. Davis. Feb. 26: Cybernetics and Animal Communication, Dr. Helen Spurway. Feb. 28: Social Justice in Prophetic Literature, Dr. S. Neil. Mar. 4: Some Aspects of Italian Renaissance Learning, Professor R. Weiss. Mar. 6: Orpheus in the Renaissance, Dr. D. P. Walker. Details of all public lectures from Assistant Secretary, University College London, Gower Street, W.C.1. (Stamped envelope required.)

CENTRAL London Fabian Society, Tues., Jan. 8, 7.30 p.m., St. Anne's Church House, 57 Dean St., W.1. "The Soviet Union in the Far East." A. K. Wu (formerly Chinese Consul-General at Vladivostok and Professor of International Relations at Yenching Univ. and West China Union Univ.). Adm. 1s. 6d.

"HOUSE of Lords Brains Trust," by Lord Amulree (Liberal), Lord Ellenborough (Conservative) and Lord Kershaw (Labour), under auspices of All Nations Social Club, Thursday, Jan. 10, at 8 p.m. Questions from audience must be handed in in writing before meeting by 7.30 p.m. on night. Great Cumberland Hall, Bryanston Street, Marble Arch, W.1. (Behind Cumberland Hotel.) Non-members 1s. 6d. at door.

"THE Way to Peace in the Far East." Dr. James G. Endicott, Chairman Canadian Peace Council, former adviser to Chiang Kai Shek. Sir John Pratt, K.B.E., C.M.G., Adviser for 13 years on Far Eastern Affairs to the Foreign Office, Former Head of Far Eastern Section Ministry of Information. Friends House, Euston Rd., Wednesday, January 9, 7.30 p.m. Admission 6d. London Peace Council, 81 City Rd., E.C.1.

STRASBOURG 1951: Brains Trust, with Patrick Gordon-Walker, Geoffrey de Freitas, George Brown and other Labour Delegates to Strasbourg Assembly. Jan. 10, 7.30 p.m., Caxton Hall. Tickets 1s. 6d. (members of I.B. and C.I.F.S. 1s.) from Fabian International Bureau, 11 Dartmouth St., S.W.1.

ALAN BUSH, B.Mus.Lond., F.R.A.M., will talk on "Hungarian Week of Music" which he attended November in Budapest; gram. records; perf. of Kodály sonata for cello and piano by Francesca Brennan and Lottie Krebs; chairman, R. D. Smith; at Salle Erard, 18 Gt. Marlboro' Street, W.1. Jan. 5 at 7 p.m. Adm. 1s. 6d. at door, or tickets from British Hungarian Friendship Soc., 33 Pembridge Square, W.2.

LEOS Janacek. His Life & Music. Speaker: Malcolm Rayment, I.C.A. Gallery, 17 Dover St., W.1. Jan. 4, 8 p.m.

THEOSOPHY. Public Lecture, Sundays, 7 p.m. United Lodge of Theosophists, 17 Gt. Cumberland Place, Marble Arch. All welcome. Jan. 6: Concentration.

FARM Street Church, W.1 (Entrance also in Mount St.). Wednesday, Jan. 9, 6.30, the first of four Conferences by Fr. Leycester King, S.J.: "Religion and the Psychological Ills of Society."

SOUTH Place Ethical Society, Conway Hall, Red Lion Sq., W.C.1. Sunday mornings at 11 o'clock. Jan. 6. S. K. Ratcliffe, "Hopes and Fears for 1952." Questions after lecture. Admission free. Chamber Concert 6.30 p.m.

LECTURES AND MEETINGS—continued

"MAN Conquers Nature". Speakers, films, exhibition on new Soviet schemes of afforestation, irrigation, electrification. Prof. J. D. Bernal, F.R.S., Dr. S. M. Manton, F.R.S. Andrew Rothstein, F. Le Gros Clark, J. Dunman, Eleanor Fox. Sun., Jan. 13, 3 p.m., Battersea Town Hall. Parties from S.C.R., 14 Kensington Sq., W.8. WES. 1571.

"SOVIET Union Quiz." Wed., January 9, at Hampstead Town Hall, 8 p.m. Question Master: Mr. Sydney S. Silverman, M.P. Questions answered by 1951 visitors to the Soviet Union: Mrs. Jessie Street, Mrs. Nancy Silverman, Mrs. Dorothy Dallamore, Miss Muriel Coult, Org. by N.W. London Cttee., International Women's Day. Adm. 6d.

"WHAT should be the Jew's attitude toward Germany?" Two short Addresses at Sunday Service, Jan. 6. Speakers: Rabbi Leslie I. Edgar, M.A., and Prof. William Rose, M.A., Ph.D. (Professor of German Language and Literature, Univ. of London). 11 a.m. at the Liberal Jewish Synagogue, 28 St. John's Wood Road, N.W.8 (opp. Lord's Cricket Ground). All welcome.

BRITISH-Czechoslovak Friendship League, 20 Pont St., S.W.1. Tues., Jan. 8, at 7.45 p.m. The Czechoslovak Health Service. Speaker: Mrs. Pat Sampson, recently returned from Czechoslovakia. Chairman: Mr. Bill Mathis. Adm. free—all welcome.

RACIAL Relations Group. Meetings for discussion of Unesco pamphlet "Roots of Prejudice" will be held at 32 Tavistock Square, Jan.-March. Dr. Frederick Hertz will address first meeting Jan. 7, 7 p.m. Full partics. from the Secretary, 22 Grosvenor Court, Acton, W.3.

SCIENCE for Peace: National Conference, Sat.-Sun., Jan. 19-20, Holborn Hall, W.C.1. All scientists welcome. Participant's fee: 5s. Details from Dr. A. H. Gordon, 49 Flower Lane, N.W.7.

"RUSSIAN and Soviet History Teaching in English Schools": Diana Sinnott. Sat., Jan. 12, 10.30 a.m. S.C.R. History Cttee., 14 Kensington Sq., W.8.

WHO will gain in Suez—Britain or America? Public discn. mtg. Fri., Jan. 11 at 8, Holborn Hall (sm. hall), Grays Inn Rd., W.C.1. Movement for a Democracy of Content.

"EARLY Christianity and the Pre-Existence of the Soul." Sidney Ransom. Sun., Jan. 6, 7 p.m. Theosophical Soc., 50 Gloucester Place, W.1.

PERSONALIST Group. M. Chaning-Pearce on "Simone Weil." Conway Hall, Monday, Jan. 7, at 7.30 p.m. Members free, non-members 1s. 6d.

LECTURE COURSES AND SPECIALISED TRAINING

PSYCHICAL Research and Related Matters. Progressive League Conference, Fri. 25th to Sunday 27th January, at Southdean Hotel, nr. Bognor Regis. Programme: Kenneth Walker: "The Nature of Mind?", J. Cecil Maby: "Radiesthesia and Dowsing in Relation to E.S.P.," C. C. I. Gregory: "Physical Phenomena—Fact or Fancy?", Dr. R. R. Kosterlitz: "Psycho-somatic Problems and Psychical Research," Lawrence Hyde: "Towards an Organic Philosophy." Fees: Members £2 10s., Non-Members £2 15s. Single rooms 7s. 6d. extra. Apply to Conference Organiser, 43 West Park, S.E.9. (BLT. 1764.)

BRAZIERS Park School of Integrative Social Research, Ipsden, Oxon. Jan. 11-14: Joint conference with Personalists. Jan. 25-28: "The technique of conversion," Dr. J. N. Glaister, "Arnold Toynbee's contribution to a philosophy of society," Mrs. J. M. Glaister, M.A. Phone: Checkendon 221.

EXPERIMENTAL painting and modelling week-ends both for those who can and for those who think they can't but would like to: Jan. 18-21, Feb. 15-18; Mar. 14-17. Braziers Park, Ipsden, Oxon.

ART Appreciation—Constable to Picasso. 12 lectures by Archibald Ziegler, A.R.C.A. Comm. Wed., Jan. 9, at 7 p.m. at Marylebone Literary Institute, 248 Marylebone Rd., N.W.1 (under the auspices Ben Uri Art Gallery & L.C.C.). Fee for course, 5s.

BECOME your own Economist. Free ten-week course in Basic Economics and Social Philosophy. Begins Tuesday and Thursday, January 22 and 24, at Westminster, 7 p.m. to 9 p.m. (alternative days). Write now for prospectus to The Henry George School of Social Science, 4 Great Smith Street, Westminster, S.W.1, or tel. Abb. 6665.

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LECTURE COURSES, etc.—continued

UNIVERSITY of London. A course of three lectures on "Oral Formulaic Tradition in Anglo-Saxon Poetry" will be given by Professor F. P. Magoun (Harvard) at 5.30 p.m. on January 10, 17 and 24 at University of London Senate House, W.C.1 (entrance from Russell Square or Malet Street). Admission free without ticket.

THE University of Durham Institute of Education announces a one-year course for experienced serving teachers of children under 12 years of age and for those training such teachers in Training Colleges, leading to the Institute's Diploma in the Education of Young Children. The next course will begin in September, 1952, and is recognized by the Ministry of Education for grants. Successful completion of the course qualifies the teacher for an additional increment of salary under the Burnham Report. Teachers who are accepted are required to make application to their Authority for one year's leave of absence. Further particulars may be obtained from the Director, Institute of Education, Kepier Terrace, Gilesgate, Durham.

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TUITION in shorth., typewriting, bookkeeping. Refresher courses, etc. Mod. terms. (New session commencing shortly.) Hall, 501 Grand Buildings, Trafalgar Square, W.C.2. Tel. WHI. 6411/2.

BOYANUS School of Russian, 42 Doughty St., W.C.1. (Nr. Russell Square). Spring Term begins January 14. Classes for beginners and students of all grades. Individual tuition. All partics. from Secy. HOL. 6770.

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DUTTON Shorthand School. New students for Shorthand and Typing can start Jan. 14, evening or afternoon courses. Details Dept. P6, 92 Gt. Russell St., W.C.1. MUS. 7179.

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More Classified Adverts. on Pages 22 and 23

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